



No. 301.—VOL. XXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
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THE LATE HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN) AS THE LADY OF LYONS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MYRA DRUMMOND.

THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN OF THE SIRDAR TO ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY.

The great London event of the week has been the triumphant return of "Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and of Aspell in the County of Suffolk"—the anticlimax is a trifle grotesque—from the land of the Pharaohs. The procession of recent events in the Soudan has been extraordinarily swift, although the preparations that ended in the great victory have taken the best years of the Sirdar's life. On Sept. 2 Omdurman fell. On Sept. 25 the Sirdar marched into Cairo again, amid lines of troops at the salute. On Oct. 21 he left Alexandria on board the *Senegal*, with Captain Baratier, and landed at Marseilles on Wednesday. Dover was reached on Thursday, and Victoria (and Victoria's capital) in the evening of that day, amid tremendous, not to say disconcerting, demonstrations. He was entertained to lunch by the Corporation of Dover, Sir William Butler, whose wife has done much to immortalise Egypt on canvas, making a very happy remark in proposing the Mayor's health. "If," he said, "the Custom House officials at Dover had been as minute in their examination of the Sirdar's baggage as they were in their inspection of the baggage of other passengers, they would have discovered in it the bâton of a Field-Marshal." As seven o'clock approached the railway officials at Victoria made a feeble attempt to clear a space between the spot on the platform at which the Sirdar was expected to arrive and the Royal Waiting-room. This room, by the way, was already crowded with ladies and others. Lord Roberts, with Lady Roberts and his daughter, was followed by Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Prince Francis and Prince Adolphus of Teck, and Prince Christian Victor. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Sirdar could be



CAPTAIN BARATIER.

Photo by Nadar, Marseilles.

got to a cab, for what one of the evening papers described as "the populace" hugged the bronzed warrior so enthusiastically that his hat was bashed in. He ultimately managed to escape in a cab to the house of Mr. Pandelli Ralli, in Belgrave Square. On Friday morning he reported himself at the War Office, looked in on the Prince of Wales at the top of the street, and settled down to the hard task of bearing his honours and eating the innumerable dinners that await him. Mr. Barry Pain summed up the situation for the Sirdar on Saturday morning in the *Chronicle* with some verses, beginning—

Didjer fency yer wuk, then, were over?
Didjer think yer cud shut up the shop?
Yer did yer fust benkwit at Dover,
An' benkwits yer'll do till yer drop.
Too pop'lar ter git any pity,
Yer'll lunch wheer the lunchings is long
Yer'll dine as they dines in the City,
Yer will—and I 'opes as you're strong.

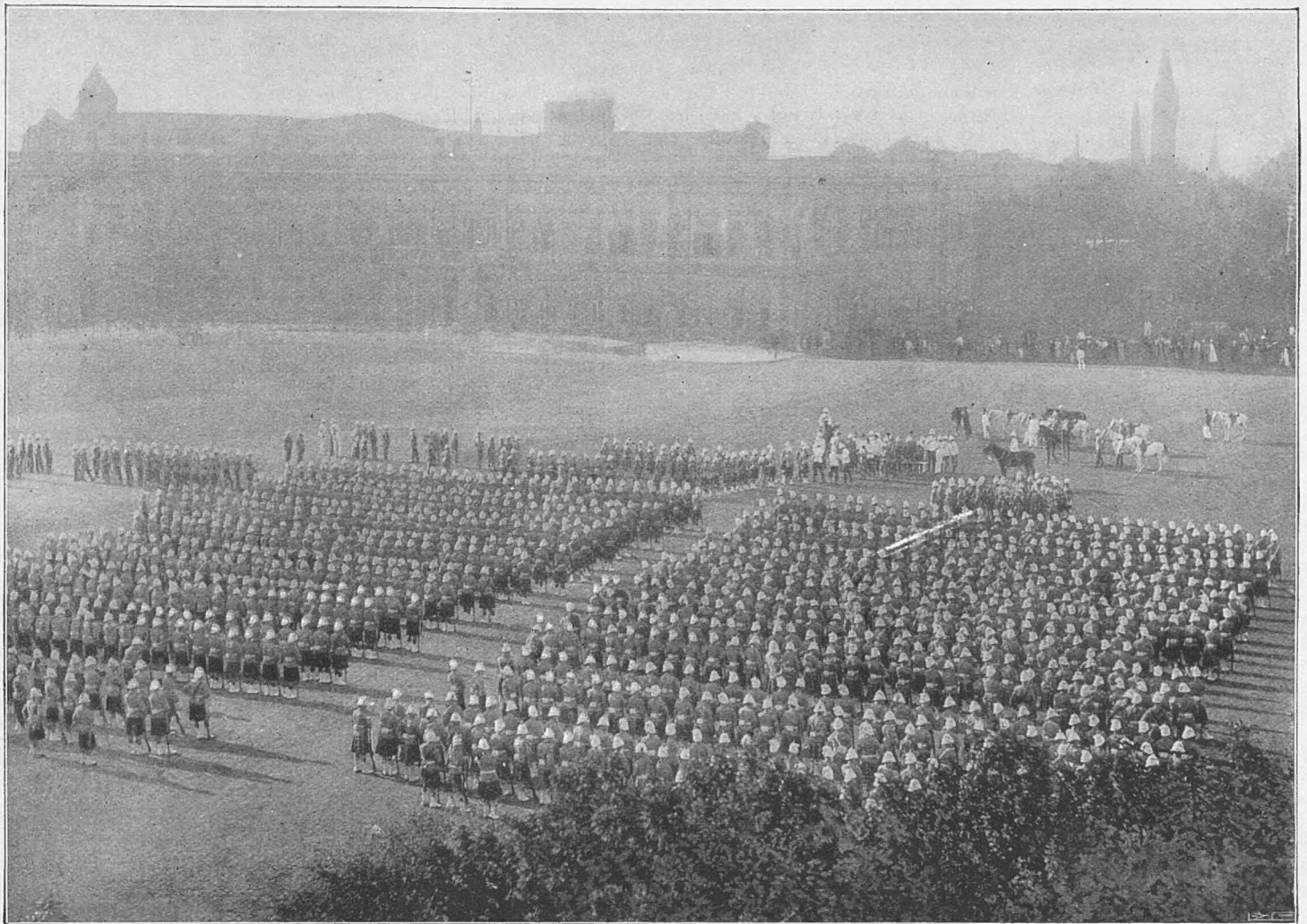
The Sirdar visited Lord Salisbury at Hatfield on Saturday afternoon. Although the utmost secrecy as to the time of his departure had been observed, his presence on the platform at King's Cross was soon noticed, and a large crowd speedily collected. The pressure became so great that Lord Kitchener had to take refuge in the first-class smoking-carriage which had been specially engaged for him and two friends who accompanied him. Fifteen policemen were told off to keep the crowd back from the carriage, and it was amid a scene of considerable excitement that the train steamed out of the station. On Sunday evening the Sirdar left for Balmoral in the company of Mr. Balfour. The bold Baratier has also had some travelling, for he left Paris for Egypt on Saturday.



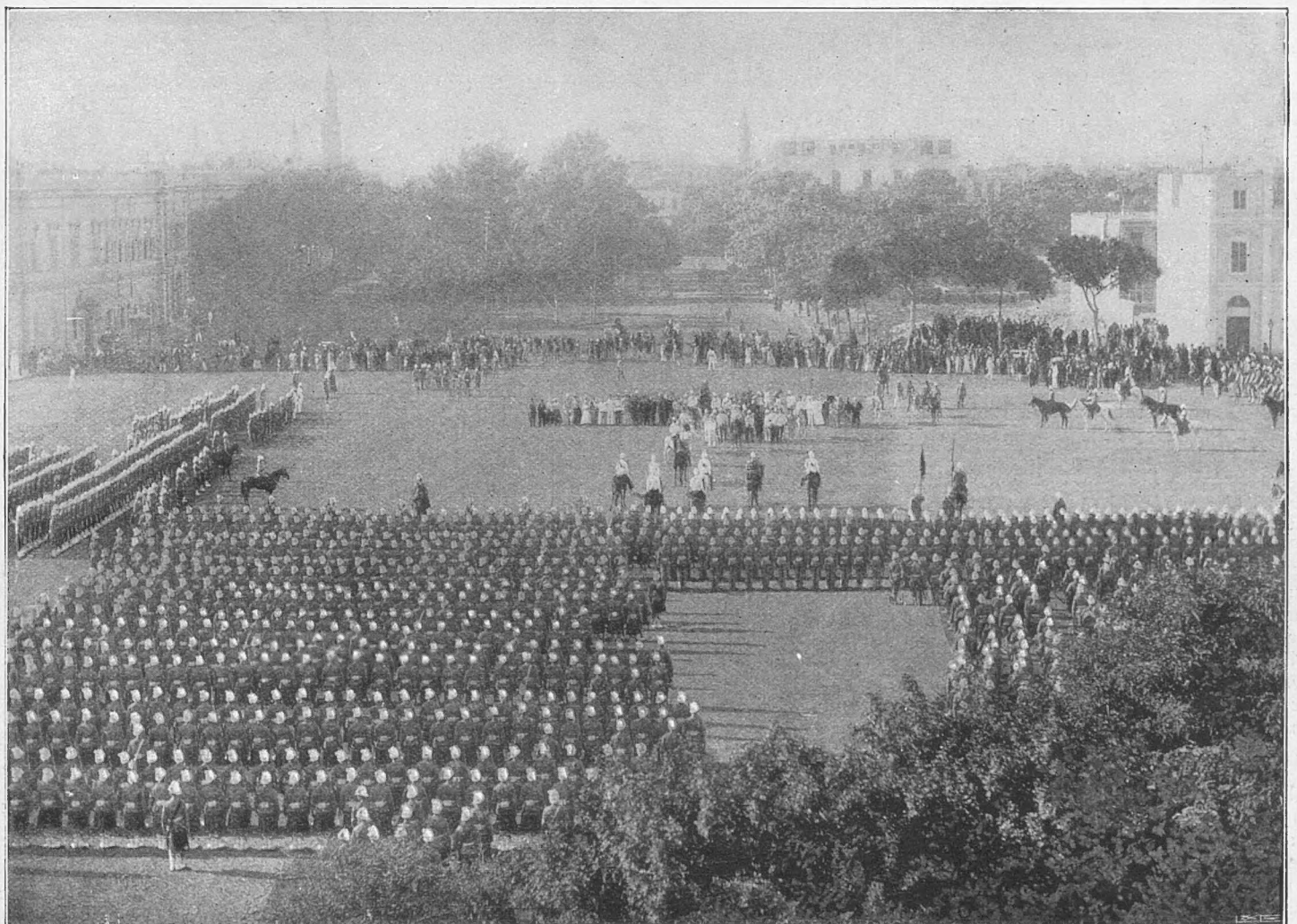
The Sirdar.

LORD KITCHENER LANDING AT DOVER.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE SIRDAR PRESENTING THE KHEDIVE'S MEDALS TO THE HEROES OF THE NILE CAMPAIGN AT CAIRO.



THE SIRDAR ADDRESSING THE TROOPS AT THE CLOSE OF THE CEREMONY.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. LEKEGIAN AND CO., CAIRO.

THE VETERAN ACTRESS, HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN), IS DEAD.

By the lamented death of Helen Faucit, which occurred on Monday at Llangollen, is severed the last link which bound us to the high tragedy of the Macready epoch. And how great that tragedy must have been let the middle-aged playgoer answer who saw Helen Faucit even



HELEN FAUCIT IN 1847.
From a Picture done at Edinburgh.

when her powers were no longer at their highest! It is, perhaps, scarcely wise to take our appeal a little farther back and ask the old theatre-goer, who saw her in her prime, what he thinks of Helen Faucit, for the certainty is that there will be let loose a flood of enthusiastic praise which will seem hyperbolic. That she deserved to be called a really "great" actress no one who has ever seen her could doubt. There was an intellectual power in her conception, a certainty in her execution, which made her stand head and shoulders above any English tragic actress who has been since her time. Look, too, at her amazing perfection in parts of utterly different character. Readers of Helps's "Realmah" will remember how Ellesmere thinks Lady Macbeth her greatest part, while his companions prefer respectively her Rosalind and her Lady of Lyons. Of whom else in these latter days could it be said that they were equally successful in high tragedy, comedy, and melodrama? It might in some degree be said of her brilliant master, Macready, but, to find a fully parallel case, we must go back to Garrick himself, the most versatile of actors, who shone in all these and added to them the broadest farce.

What makes her genius the more remarkable is the fact that it matured at an age when most girls are still at school. She was only sixteen years of age when she appeared at Covent Garden, and after one performance was engaged as leading actress at one of the two foremost theatres of the English-speaking world. And we naturally inquire what manner of child this was whose early promise was so remarkable, and was so strikingly fulfilled by her subsequent performance. Naturally, she was a child of the theatre. Her father, John Saville Faucit, was an actor of some repute, while her mother and her elder sister were talented members of the dramatic profession. Helen herself, who was born on Oct. 11, 1820, was a delicate and dreamy child whose mind had a natural bent towards imaginative and poetic books, and who, as was natural in a theatrical household, studied constantly her Shakspeare. Her first public appearance was the result, it might be said, of an accident. Her sister and she, one hot afternoon, wandered into the little Richmond Theatre, and, finding it empty, took possession of the stage and went through the Balcony Scene in "Romeo and Juliet," Helen speaking Juliet's lines. As it happened, the manager chanced to overhear part of the proceedings, and was so struck by the admirable acting of the childish Juliet that he induced her parents to allow her to make one or two public appearances, describing her in the bills merely as "A Young Lady." In spite of the great success of these performances, Miss Faucit went back to her studies, and three years later (Jan. 5, 1836) made her debut as a regular actress. Julia, in "The Hunchback," was her first part, it having been found

impossible to cast "Romeo and Juliet," and her success was so great that Osbaldiston, the manager, at once engaged her for three years as his leading actress. In her first season she had the great privilege of playing with two actors of the highest skill and knowledge, Charles Kemble, who was just about to retire, and Macready, who was just reaching the height of his powers. From the former she got advice and encouragement; from the latter she might almost be said to have got advice and discouragement. But Macready was quick to perceive the great ability of this young leading-lady, and when he himself took Covent Garden from Osbaldiston, in 1837, Helen Faucit was one of the first recruits he secured. For six years—until the end of Macready's career as a London manager—she was his right hand, and played many notable characters with him. Among the original parts which she "created" during this time were Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," Julie de Mortemar in "Richelieu," Clara Douglas in "Money," Mildred Tresham in Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" the Countess of Carlisle in the same author's "Strafford," and Mabel in Marston's "Patrician's Daughter." After Macready ceased to have a theatre of his own, Helen Faucit never was permanently settled in London; but she acted frequently in the Metropolis, and was always enthusiastically received. In some respects she preferred provincial engagements, and she was accustomed to boast, with justifiable pride, that, from the first night she played in Edinburgh, she never had anywhere a bad house.

With Macready she visited Paris in 1844, acting in a series of English plays at the Salle Ventadour. Here she made a striking success, eclipsing, it might almost be said, Macready himself, and the French critics were amazed at the versatility which enabled her to play Lady Macbeth, Ophelia, and Juliet with equal success. Miss Faucit took no formal farewell of the stage, but for many years played only



HELEN FAUCIT AS ANTIGONE.
From the Painting by Sir William Allan.

occasionally for charitable objects, her last appearance having been made at Manchester as long ago as 1879, and this was for the benefit of Charles Calvert's widow.

In 1851 she was married to (Sir) Theodore Martin.

R. W. L.

NOTE.

It has been stated in the Press that THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has changed hands. This is not the fact; the only change that has taken place has been in the Editorial department, and the Magazine will be published from "The Illustrated London News" Office as before. The Magazine will be greatly improved, and several new features will be introduced in the January Number.

"THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

When Jane Nangle suddenly turned from vixenish as Xanthippe to "sweet as the primrose," Mrs. Beechinor ought to have been on her guard. Yet natural instincts of distrust, fortified by six years' slavery as schoolmistress, were insufficient to put her on her guard against "the Manœuvres of Jane," not because Jane was very cunning, but because *ex pede Hercules* does not apply to the ladies, and the study of a dozen tells you little of the thirteenth. Moreover, Jane's friend and ally, Constantia, was sly, "devilish sly," though not as tough as "J. B.," but young, tender, and determined. So, under the eyes of Mrs. Beechinor, the paid chaperon, the young ladies played their games in the house of the priggish, timid Lord Bapchild, who was Mrs. Beechinor's nephew.

What were their games? Well, Jane wanted to marry George Langton, the steward of Bapchild; her father wished her to marry Bapchild. Constantia was eager to marry Bapchild, and Bapchild did not desire to marry anyone. So Jane used the priggish lord as *chandelier* while she carried on her love-affair with Langton, and at the same time she tried to work him up into a state of admiration for Constantia. No one suspected that Jane the demure was in correspondence with Langton, save, indeed, Mrs. Beechinor's inquisitive child Pamela, who held her tongue, waiting for affairs to come to a climax ere she betrayed the lovers. Suddenly Jane's father returned to England, and it seemed necessary for the lovers to take some decided step ere he reached Bapchild's place, Chaney Court. Elopement seemed to be the only course that could be adopted, so it was arranged one evening that Jane, Langton, and Constantia should go separately to Southwich, and there take train for London and matrimony. Constantia, of course, was to act as Mrs. Grundy. Pamela presented herself as an obstacle, for she overheard the plot, and threatened to tell. However, Langton lured her on to a boat, and then, despite her screams, rowed her across the river, and left her safely on the other side. This caused him to be very late in coming to the trysting-place, which was The Magpie at Southwich. Any young lady might be annoyed if her lover were late on such an occasion, and Miss Jane was not merely "any young lady," but also a young lady with a temper for ten. Perhaps if Constantia had come to The Magpie, Miss Jane might have kept her temper with Langton by losing it first with Constantia, but Constantia never presented herself at all. Why? Well, that is another story. When Langton did appear he had a very warm reception. Despite his explanation, Jane insisted on quarrelling and breaking off the engagement, so Langton put her under the charge of the landlady, and determined to take her back to Chaney Court next morning.

Much more prodigious than this had been the adventures of Constantia. Bapchild, much against his will, took the boat to row

Constantia down the river. The young lady, some time after they started, suggested that, instead of his sculling, they should each take an oar. By a well-contrived accident she dropped hers overboard, and, since Bapchild was not clever enough to recover it, they drifted with the tide towards the sea. When they got some distance down the estuary, they met with an element, or rather, state of an element, upon which Miss Gage had not reckoned, for the water became restless, and neither of them was a good sailor. However, no greater catastrophe happened them than that they were out all night in that boat, and only reached Pilstow at seven next morning. Now, according to the etiquette of the world, Constantia had some sort of case for pretending that this

all-night adventure with Bapchild had compromised her, and she worked it for all it was worth; probably, by means of this alone, she would have constrained his lordship to marry her. The cunning young lady resolved to take no risks, and so she employed her splendid back-hair to enmesh the companion of her sea-trip, who at 7.30 a.m. made a formal offer of marriage to the much-dishevelled young lady and was accepted at twenty-nine minutes fifty-nine seconds to eight. It may well be imagined that, when next morning poor Langton and Jane presented themselves followed by Bapchild and Constantia, there were tremendous "ructions" at Chaney Court. His lordship endeavoured to back out of his engagement, but Constantia stuck to her prey, and would not even hear of giving him up and receiving compensation. Jane's father, of course, was furious, but when he found that Jane would marry her sweetheart with or without consent, he acted like a wise man, and gave way, consoling himself, perhaps, with reflections that the young man would catch a Tartar in his bride; and, indeed, it is to be



MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON, WHO IS JANE'S FRIEND.

Photo by Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

regretted that Langton was so unwise as to make up his quarrel with his pretty Jane, who quite deserved to be taken at her word with regard to the breaking of the engagement.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new piece, if one of his least ambitious, is certainly a very ingenious, diverting, farcical comedy, which gives excellent chances of acting to the admirable company of the Haymarket Theatre, at which it was produced. Where all act so well it is difficult to distribute praise, and if one speaks with greatest warmth of Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Gertrude Kingston, and Messrs. Cyril Maude, Frederick Harrison, and C. M. Hallard, it is without prejudice to the well-founded praise of the others. Mr. Cyril Maude's picture of the priggish Bapchild is certainly one of the cleverest and most amusing pieces of comic acting that we have seen for a long time. Perhaps it may be hinted that several of the scenes might be shortened with advantage to this cruelly humorous picture of life.

E. F. S.

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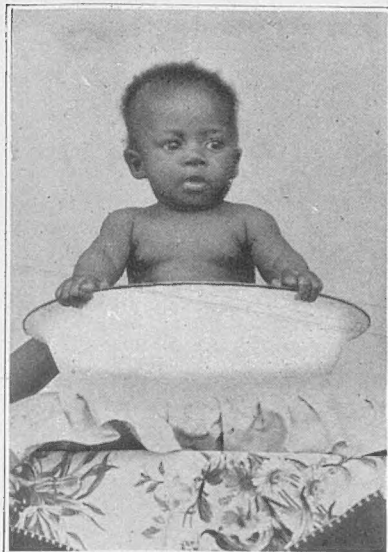
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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Sirdar is back amid universal welcome. His capture of Khartoum means civilisation, so that even the Dervishes in miniature will be supplied with a tub like the one that I picture here.

A student of heraldry writes a rather interesting letter with regard to the Kitchener arms, "Argent—on a chevron quarterly gules and



A DERVISH KIDDLE WELCOMES THE SIRDAR.

sable, between three bustards of the second, as many bezants." This coat, he says, Edmondson (1780) attributes to the name of Kitching, and, without the bustards, to that of Kitchingham.

Berry, another heraldic authority (1828), follows suit, but also attributes the first coat to the name of Kitchiner; while Burke gives the first coat to Kitchiner, and the second to Kitchingham. None of these authorities (writes my friend) are infallible. I do not think the coat has ever been registered at Herald's College as that of the Kitcheners, but the arms in the Clothworkers' Hall go to prove that Robinson John Kitchener believed he was entitled to those attributed to the family of Kitchiner, which, considering the looseness of spelling in the last century, is probably the same as his own. I described

the field of the arms, so courteously shown to me at the Clothworkers' Hall, as *or*, but the colour was not gilt, but what looked like a faded yellow, and I do not doubt that it is really an *argent tarnished*.

With "war with France" so continually on the tapis, it may be interesting to recall some particulars of the Channel Tunnel, which for years was a hardy annual in Parliament and on the platform. The undertaking was registered in December 1881 as the "Submarine Continental Railway Company," and five years later acquired the rights and properties of the "Channel Tunnel Company," assuming that name in 1887. Year after year the advocates of the scheme wrestled with Parliament on the vexed question of communication with our Gallic neighbours, but last year, operations having been suspended owing to the refusal of the nation's representatives to hear what the promoters called reason, steps were taken to largely reduce the uncalled liability of the shareholders, with the result of making the authorised capital £91,000, with £51,000 paid up. The capital is now represented by shares of 18s., 16s., 4s., and 4s. with 3s. paid.

The company has now entered into an agreement with the "Kent Collieries Corporation," formerly the "Kent Coalfields Syndicate," by which it has transferred its mineral rights and certain machinery, for which it receives allotment of shares, and retains its rights to the use of the land should Parliament ever think fit to reconsider its many decisions. Should the Coal Company suspend their work for a period of three years, the undertaking, with all the work it has accomplished, will revert to the Channel Tunnel Company. In any case, one must be very sanguine to consider the prospects of the adventurers as rosy.

The Earl of Minto, now on his way to assume Viceregal government in Canada, was fêted and made a Burgess of Hawick the other day, in honour of his appointment as Lord Aberdeen's successor. Some notable men have in recent years shared the distinction with Lord Minto of being made freemen of the old Border town, among them Prince Leopold, the late Duke of Buccleuch, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, and Kossuth. Hawick maintains the archaic form of oath imposed upon the prospective free Burgess, part of its quaint terms, in the case of its latest-made freeman, reading thus—

I, the Right Hon. Gilbert John Elliot Murray Kynynmound, Earl of Minto, promise and swear . . . that I shall give the Bailies and Council of this burgh the best advice I can when they ask it of me; that I shall conceal that which they impart to me, and shall colour no man's goods under colour of mine own, as I shall answer to God.

Lord Minto's friends will heartily echo the hope expressed by Hawick's Provost, that when his term of office is finished in Canada he might return to the old burgh, of which he had been made a Burgess, like the callants of old, with honours laden, and with him also wish Lord Minto the motto of Hawick, "Safe oot and safe in."

Mr. C. S. Parker, to whose Life of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Rosebery made reference the other day, was for many years Member of Parliament, first for the county, and then for the city of Perth. His soft manners earned for him the sobriquet of "Missy Parker," but he is a man of culture and of independent opinions. More than thirty years ago he

was private secretary to Mr. Cardwell at the Colonial Office. Mr. Parker enjoyed the personal friendship of Mr. Gladstone and his family. His speech at Perth on the occasion of Lord Rosebery's visit was welcomed by the noble lord "as a returning sign of existence." Since he was defeated at Perth, in 1892, Mr. Parker has almost disappeared from the political horizon.

Rumour hath it that the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, is to be sold for some £200,000, and the site utilised for the erection of business premises. Should this be correct (but I hae ma doots) and the transaction be carried through, one of the most interesting buildings of the "Ancient Church" will disappear from the Metropolis. The first stone of this edifice, built from the designs of John Newman, was laid in 1817, and the church was consecrated in 1820, its cost having been some £26,000. Up to July 2, 1869, St. Mary's was regarded as the Pro-Cathedral of the Archdiocese of Westminster; but on that day, to quote the late Cardinal Archbishop, "the seat of jurisdiction was moved westward" to that new edifice, dedicated to "Our Lady of Victories," so familiar to this generation, in Newland Street, Kensington.

St. Mary's, Moorfields, has an interest also for musicians and music-lovers, for here, in 1826, were laid to rest the mortal remains of Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst Freiherr von Weber—not *Cardinal* von Weber, most accurate (as a rule) *Westminster Gazette*!—the immortal composer, whose last work, "Oberon," was written while the hand of death was already on him, and was actually rehearsed and produced under his supervision only a few weeks before his demise. Weber's body reposed at St. Mary's for eighteen years, and was removed to Dresden in 1844.

The Law Courts are in full swing again, and the restaurant where I must perforce lunch off the inveterate chop is packed. If you had been in Lincoln's Inn Fields the other day, you would have been made aware of the fact by the solemn procession of the Catholic Bar to the quaint old Sardinian Chapel to attend "Red Mass"—an imitation of the "Messe Rouge" which precedes the opening of the French Law Courts. The celebrant was vested in a crimson chasuble bearing the arms of the King of Sardinia. The chapel has had a most interesting history, and Mass has been celebrated in it almost without intermission since 1649. Originally the private chapel of the Sardinian Ambassador, it was attacked by a London mob in 1688, on the landing of the Prince of Orange, and sacked by the Protestant rioters whom Lord George Gordon



THE SARDINIAN CHAPEL, WHERE THE ROMAN CATHOLIC LAWYERS ATTENDED THE "RED MASS."

Photo by Bulbeck, Strand.

led in 1780—for which refer to "Barnaby Rudge." Lord George was the uncle of the Duke who raised the Gordon Highlanders. The chapel is one of the quaintest little places of worship you could see. Just visit it one Sunday forenoon, and you will see as devout a congregation of poor Catholics as are to be found anywhere.

When he laid the foundation-stone of the Belfast City Hall the other day, Lord Cadogan was presented with a solid silver trowel and mallet. The upper portion of the blade of the trowel bears the arms of the city of Belfast applied in relief-work and exquisitely enamelled in proper colours. The handle is richly moulded and fluted, with the Tudor rose and the shamrock entwined extending to the base, which is finished with an earl's coronet. The top of the handle is divided into panels, having the arms of Lord Cadogan enamelled in proper colours in one, the Irish harp and the English Arms in the other two, the whole being finished off with the Royal Crown. The mallet is carried out to match the trowel in all details. Solid gold miniature replicas of the silver trowel and mallet were presented to the Countess Cadogan as a memento of the occasion. The trowel is intended for use as a paper-cutter, and the mallet-head is composed of blood-stone engraved with the crest and motto as a seal. The design was



PRESENTED TO LORD CADOGAN.

carried out under the supervision of Mr. A. Brumwell Thomas, the architect, and the work executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.

The first Exhibition of the London Sketch Club took place last week at the Modern Gallery, when 218 exhibits presented their diverse allurements to an admiring public. The London Sketch Club was founded only in the spring of this year, yet it already boasts some seventy members, with Mr. George C. Haité as President, and Mr. Dudley Hardy as Vice-President. All the members may be said to belong to the younger school of painters and illustrators. The club meets one evening a week, occupying itself in producing a two-hours' picture in oils, water-colours, or black-and-white. These sketches, which must be finished within the specified time, illustrate, according to the individual fancy of the artist, a given subject, and naturally the various treatments of the subject-title provoke frequent humour.

Numerous "Time" sketches were in the gallery, also other sketches from nature of a more finished character. I particularly admired Mr. Hassall's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," and Mr. Dudley Hardy's "After the Bath," the breezy and graceful treatment of which was refreshing. Mr. Aldin's illustrations of nursery rhymes were also very clever.

The White House at Rotterdam is said to be the highest mansion in Europe belonging to a private owner. It is a hundred and twenty feet high. As the soil of Holland is not very solid, a thousand thirty-foot poles were rammed into the soil, in order to prevent the foundations of this building from sinking. The total cost of erection was £30,000. The building is lit electrically throughout, and is warmed by water circulation.

The state of the Buckland collection of casts of fish and models of river-works designed in the interests of the salmon has long been a source of sorrow to those who appreciate the value of Frank Buckland's work. It was hoped that the Select Committee appointed to inquire into South Kensington Museum affairs would have urged the renovation of the casts and piscicultural models, which have been so sadly neglected. One is surprised and not a little indignant to find the Committee hoping that "this collection may disappear without delay," because, having been neglected for years—only the Committee don't put it that way—"it does not carry out its obligations under the testamentary conditions of Professor Buckland's will." The testator left £5000 to be applied, after his widow's death, to found a lectureship on pisciculture in connection with the museum he bequeathed to the nation, and the

report of the Select Committee has prompted people to inquire what has been done with the money. The hatching of a few trout and other fish which occupy the aquaria in the Museum can hardly have cost the interest on £5000, and the existence of these is the only evidence that the responsible authorities have done anything at all to carry out Buckland's intentions.

The rain has come at last, to the joy of both hunting and shooting men. The sun-baked ground was a sad hindrance to cub-hunting, for it would have knocked horses' feet to pieces on it, and the hedges held the leaf so that the country was "blind" as in July. Huntsmen have been hard put to it to teach young hounds their business. I had a letter a few days ago from an enthusiast in the Lothians who hunts with the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire. He was camping out in a tent near the kennels, and got up every cubbing day at 2.30 a.m. to go out with the pack in the dew. He says he has had some good sport. He deserves it.

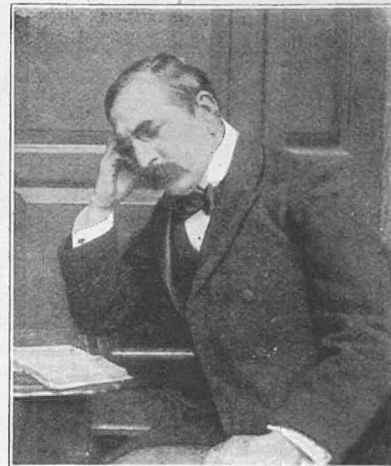
Alarmists have been telling us that our great shipbuilding industry is slipping away from us, but reports from all the British yards show that they have more work to do than they can grapple with, and one result is that shipwrights and other skilled labourers are at a premium. The manner in which Japan is building up her navy is a very good indication of the relative positions of foreign and British shipbuilding firms. In this country we are building four first-class battleships, five first-class armoured cruisers, and a number of torpedo-boat destroyers, representing altogether something like seven millions sterling, while Germany and France have got orders for a first-class armoured cruiser each, and America is constructing two second-class cruisers. This does not look like bankruptcy for our shipbuilders, for it is a well-known fact that there is a far larger profit made from foreign orders than from Admiralty work.

It is my sad task to give the portrait of the late Mr. Gleeson White, whose death I referred to last week.

The Paris Exhibition of 1900 will have a section devoted to the Faroe Isles, Iceland, and Greenland. It will consist of a collection of things illustrating the social condition of the Scandinavians from ancient days down to our own times, at the same time giving an idea of the spreading of Northern culture from Norway, *via* the Faroe Isles and Iceland, to Greenland, and from thence sporadically to North America. It is an interesting fact that the year 1900 will be a Jubilee year for Iceland and Greenland, as it will then be 900 years since Christianity was introduced into Iceland, by the decision of the Althing, and in the same year Lief the Lucky discovered Greenland. Last summer Captain Daniel Bruun, a great authority on Iceland, went to the Faroe Isles and Iceland to collect materials for the exhibition—the Danish Government provided the funds for the journey—and he has only just returned home to Denmark after a most successful expedition. Both in the Faroe Isles and in Iceland the plan met with warm support, and so many valuable items have already been received that they alone ensure success to the coming exhibition.

Besides original things, many models, casts, maps, and photos will be shown. The well-known Iclander Dr. Thoroddsen's geographical map of Iceland, to which he has devoted seventeen long years of work, will for the first time be shown at the exhibition. The Saga period will be richly represented; among other interesting things, models of many of the old houses will be shown, namely, Erik the Red's house, "Eriksstade," from whence he started on his Greenland expedition. The Saga period was followed by the Sturlunga period, in which battles and murders were everyday occurrences. As a memento of these turbulent days, a model of a fortified mountain-top, the so-called "Borgervirke," will be shown, in which the population of a whole village sought refuge in time of war. In the museum at Reikiavik there is a rich collection of things from the Viking period down to our own times; the most interesting of these, such as dresses from ancient days, jewellery of great artistic value, &c., will be shown. A department of exhibits of the Roman Catholic period will also command attention. There will be models of the renowned churches at Kirkebö (the Faroe Isles) and at Kakortok (Greenland), and of the last peat church in Iceland. With regard to Icelandic literature, phototypes of the oldest Saga manuscripts will be shown. Then there will be the very characteristic Icelandic saddles and headgear, ships, Esquimaux kajaks, and, altogether, interesting exhibits will be legion.

There is some talk of a tunnel underneath the Straits of Gibraltar, and, as it would have to be only twenty miles long, there is no reason why it should not be feasible, particularly as there is a bed of hard rock all the way.



MR. GLEESON WHITE.
Photo by Fred Hollyer.



TALLEST HOUSE IN EUROPE OWNED BY A
PRIVATE PERSON.

This picture shows the result of a two days' outing in the Free State, about sixty miles from Johannesburg. The bag consisted of seventeen blesbok and some forty birds, hares, &c. Blesbok used to be very plentiful in the Free State and southern districts of the Transvaal some twenty years ago, but are now very scarce and wild. The weight of a blesbok is from 85 to 110 lb.

The new edition of "Baily's Hunting Directory" is swelled to nearly twice the size of last year's issue, owing to the inclusion of particulars of packs of harriers and staghounds throughout the kingdom. If seniority gives claim to priority in hunting matters, one would think the hare-hunting establishments ought to come first. The hare was a beast of chase centuries before the fox, but I had no idea that there are packs of harriers now showing sport which can trace their existence back for five and six hundred years. The oldest pack, cursory examination of the "Directory" reveals, is the Penistone, in Yorkshire, which was in existence in the year 1250, and, no doubt, earlier. And yet you hear men say of harriers that they "spring up and die out again like mushrooms"!

I was quite under the impression that everybody was aware that yew-leaves are poison to horses and other domestic animals. The fact ought to be well known by now, for cases of yew-poisoning, often with legal proceedings to follow, are recorded frequently enough; yet only a day or two ago I found myself by the side of a lady, out cub-hunting, who sat calmly in her saddle while her horse nibbled at a yew-hedge. I ventured to suggest that such food was dangerous, whereupon she replied that her horse "was fond of yew"! I rather suspect she was unlearned in trees and mistook something else for yew, for, though it is a curious fact that the young, tender shoots of the tree are comparatively harmless, the same shoots, when they attain to maturity and take their darker colour, are exceedingly poisonous. What is more, the twigs retain their poisonous qualities when dead and dry. As the hunting season is with us again, when standing about at the covert-side and under hedgerows is the order of the day, a word of warning seems desirable. Not only horses, but cattle and sheep are amenable to the "toxic properties" of the yew, and I can lay my finger on at least one case in which pheasants proved, to the complete dissatisfaction of a shooting-man, that yew was also poisonous to them. The donkey seems less liable to its effects than other animals, but, then, the donkey is a law unto himself in many matters.

The displacement of one hundred thousand tons of granite by means of a gunpowder blast is an event of infrequent occurrence in this country. Consequently, the loosening of a mass of rock of this weight the other day at Furnace Granite Quarries, Loch Fyne, was a notable occurrence. Preparations had been going on since last February, and extraordinary precautions were adopted to secure privacy. Two cuttings were made in the face of the rock, and, at the end of each,

leading to the chambers having been laid in enclosed stones. The height of the rock was fully two hundred feet above the mine, and when the explosion took place a tremor in the cliff was visible, followed by a downfall into the quarry of huge stones. The report is said to have disappointed the sightseers, as it was not so loud as was anticipated.

The Maroons, who have been causing so much trouble in Jamaica of late, have played a by no means inconspicuous rôle in the history of the island, the part which they took in the last rebellion, of 1865, being a prominent one, while just about a century ago, in 1795, they made the months of August and September memorable by massacres near Maroon-town and Cudjoe-town. During the rebellion of 1865, they sided with the whites against the blacks, and helped in no inconsiderable way in the suppression of the rebellion, though it was well known that many of the rebel leaders had been tampering with them. They protected Bath, and captured the leader of the Morant Bay rebels, the infamous Paul Bogle, and they also hunted out several of the ringleaders. When the volunteer troops at the end of the trouble marched into Kingston, the Maroons accompanied them, bearing branches of trees in front of their faces like the soldiers of Macduff's army on their way from Birnam Wood to Dunsinane. The Maroons have been described by the Hon. A. G. Fyfe, who commanded them at the time of the rebellion, as "the Children of the Mist" of Jamaica romance. They have a haunted "Namy town" in the interior, which they never approach, and it is guarded, or used to be guarded, very skilfully and carefully, all sorts of devices being used to prevent the whites from penetrating into it. One of their peculiarities is that they have always strongly objected to be employed with troops, and they never remain long in any one place, for fear of treachery, born of the treatment which they received after the capitulation in the last Maroon War, while another peculiarity may be summed up in the warning, which is practically a proverb among them—"Never trust yourself on the sea."

Not content with his efforts on behalf of peace, the Czar has now decided that he will make a journey through Siberia next spring, in order to study the penitentiary system for himself and mitigate its rigours wherever that may be possible. Such benevolent intentions ought to go far towards doing away with the necessity of any penitentiary system in Russia, and at this rate we may look forward to a Golden Age in which all Russian subjects will be happy and contented and the use of dynamite will be confined to industrial operations.

It is but seldom the Firth of Forth is visited with such a storm as happened lately. It is estimated that there were twenty-four derelict vessels on the coast on the 19th inst. Here are two of the wrecks on Cramond shore. A crew of eight Russian sailors had an exciting



A TWO DAYS' SHOOT IN THE FREE STATE.



THE NORWEGIAN SLOOP "PETRINE" ON CRAMOND SHORE.



THE NORWEGIAN SCHOONER "ALFEN" ON CRAMOND SHORE.

chambers were hewn out, into which the powder, upward of ten tons in all, had to be deposited. The work was carried on during the night-time, and the powder placed in position without the aid of lamps. The inhabitants of the village were removed to a safe distance, and the firing of the mine was effected by means of an electric battery, the wires

experience. They abandoned their ship about a mile out from land, and, taking to their small boat, narrowly escaped being dashed on the sea-wall at Lord Rosebery's mansion-house. As it was, they effected a safe landing, and were hospitably entertained by his lordship, who was at Dalmeny at the time.

Alexander Bowley is a remarkable boy. Born on Dec. 30, 1887, he is an adept at trigonometry. I have just seen some of his work. Out of twenty-six trigonometrical transformations set before him, he solved eighteen, and six out of seven of the more difficult examples of junctions



AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO
REVELS IN TRIGONOMETRY.

Photo by Donovan, Brighton.

College), and drawing. He devours fairy-tales and books of adventure, and has read Mallory's "King Arthur," Spenser, and (with aid of glossary) Chaucer. He is rarely at his lessons for more than four hours a day, and never for more than five. For the rest, he is a rollicking, mischievous English boy, full of health and spirits, and—rather inclined to be cheeky.

Another clever youngster is Lina Verdi, who is now giving so bright and attractive a turn at the Alhambra. Perhaps you remember her as the clever and pathetic little broom-binder in "The Children of the King," at the Court Theatre, a performance for which she received the very highest praise. She is an English girl, and her real name is Philips—a quaint little dot of a child who seems to dance and sing only because she cannot help doing so. She is a pupil of Madame Cavallazzi, and she dances daintily and gracefully, using the beautiful steps of ballet-dancing instead of astonishing with wild gymnastic gyration and high-kicking, and thereby she scores an artistic success. "The Children of the King" was her first regular engagement, though she had made her debut some eighteen months previously at a matinée at the Empire Theatre, gaining very high praise for her rendering of "Tom Tit" and a Spanish dance.

Yet another Association, the Anti-Scandal League. From a circular that has reached me I gather that the offices are situate in classic Wardour Street, and a gentleman and lady named Norman-Concorde are the organisers. The League is to be independent of religion, politics, nationality, and class; it is being formed to combat "the prevalent custom of talking scandal, the terrible and unending consequences of which are not generally estimated." Scandal is to have a wide signification. For the purposes of the League it will be held to include, besides libel and slander, unnecessary criticism and silence when people are defamed. Truth is not to be held as an excuse for defamation, and every member of the Anti-Scandal League is to call offenders to order and ask them to join the League. The idea is an excellent one, but I shudder to think of the consequences of its success. Stageland, clubland, Fleet Street, the Lobby of the House, afternoon tea-rooms, would all be deserted; when men and women met they would glance round to see that no member of the Anti-Scandal League was about before they spoke. You could not even discuss the railway company or the weather. Many newspapers would be compelled to close their doors; critics of books, plays, and music would cease to earn a living; many a man and woman with a reputation for saying

unkind witty things would be doomed to perpetual silence. The Anti-Scandal League has good intents, but it would rob life of one of its best and cheapest joys.

This has come to me from Victoria—

My excellent *Sketch*,
You're a beautiful wretch;
May your influence stretch
From Pole to Pole.

In this Land of Regrets,
Where each man begets
Fame, fever, or debts,
You are welcome.

Each week as the mail
Arrives without fail,
We relish your tale
In a nutshell.

You give pictures galore,
Go on—give us more,
With—the girls to the fore,
For we luv 'em.

With sweet E— M—
I'd fain dance all day,

I will have my say,
And it's—"Bless her!"

For our dear L— L—,
Trilbies fleet as the wind,
I've a decalogue sinn'd
Just to see her.

For divine L— H—,
I'd ride to Banbury,
Oh! she takes the cran'ory,
I always opine.

Would that M— L—
Liv'd in my turnip "puv,"
Dear, dainty, blonde dove,
I could eat her.

So, fare thee well, *Sketch*,
You beautiful wretch!
The Johnnies you fetch;
Keep it up!

Here's another "on 'em." Mrs. Isabella Booth, a Cheshire lady, is 101 years old, having been born at York on Oct. 13, 1797. At the age of twenty-three years she married a Mr. Nowell, and then removed with her husband to Huddersfield. After a wedded life of twenty years, Mr. Nowell died, and fourteen years later Mrs. Nowell married a Mr. Booth, who, strange to say, also died at the end of twenty years' married bliss. Thirteen years ago she took up her abode with her eldest son, the Rev. John Nowell, Wesleyan Minister, with whom she still resides at Wilmslow, Cheshire.

From various articles in the reviews, it is clear that the medical faculty is looking forward with fresh hope to effecting a cure of consumption. There is a movement on foot to found open-air sanatoria in various parts of England, after the German models, and it has been stated that the visits to mountain-top establishments will no longer be deemed necessary. Sunlight, fresh air, and pure milk-supply are to serve as the remedial agents, and there should be no difficulty in securing them in England. It is curious that in some countries and by some races steps are taken to look after the milk and meat supply; in England things are left to look after themselves. In Denmark, for example, inspection of dairies is compulsory. Among the Jews in all countries an official attends in the abattoirs to examine the interior arrangements of all animals slaughtered. If he finds any trace of disease, the carcass is condemned. Considering how tuberculosis and phthisis claim their thousands of victims every year, it would be well if our Government instituted regulations to protect the public against the meat and milk of diseased animals. I have heard statements, by people who speak with authority, to the effect that at least twelve per cent. of the animals slaughtered daily for food would not survive a medical examination. As nobody is authorised to examine them, the good meat and bad meat go out together, and so there is a constant war waged against the public health.



SHE IS 101 YEARS OLD.

As an object-lesson in the laborious art of learning a language, let me quote a letter I have got from a town in Austria—

SIR,—As it is a great difficulty for us "learned" Englishmen on the Continent to use the proper expression and to pronounce it well, I beg to ask you whether the sporting shirt "sweater" is pronounced like "sweeter," or whether this "ea" is spoken so, as in the words to get, to set, &c.? As the meanings of this are so different here, I made up my mind to ask you about it. I would have never taken the liberty to molest you with such a curious question, but, considering that I was a zealous reader of your paper through many years, and being still subscribed for it, I thought that you, dear Sir, will not take amiss my curiosity.

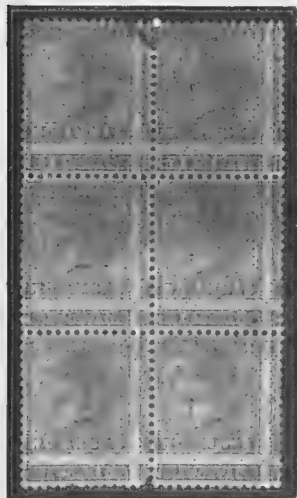
A set of new Hospital stamps has been issued. Last year two stamps were issued on behalf of this fund, producing £35,000. The 1898 issue consists of four stamps, each of distinct design, with a face-value of 1s., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. respectively. The designs for the stamps and the colours in which they are printed were selected by the Prince of Wales. Messrs. De la Rue and Co. have done the engraving of the originals by hand, and it has been carried out in the most highly finished style on soft steel by a thoroughly skilled and artistic engraver, who has been occupied upon the work for several months.



A TEN-YEAR-OLD MIMIC.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Here is a philatelic curiosity—a misprinted Indian two-anna postage-stamp. The stamp has the Queen's head twice printed on it, and is considered the most curious misprint which has ever occurred. Two sheets, each of a hundred and twenty double-headed stamps, were issued by the Karachi Post Office on Feb. 3, 1898. Owing to the water-mark in the stamps, the photographs appear somewhat blurred, but in reality the misprint is very clear.



A CURIOUS STAMP MISPRINT.

investigation is afforded by the fact that the corse of Bonaparte's lieutenant had been attired in a blue uniform with metal buttons, which may perhaps have escaped the ravages of subterranean conditions subsisting for more than eight decades.

The forthcoming volume by the late General Sir Robert Cadell, dealing with Sir John Cope and the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, should revive interest in some measure in a by no means incompetent Royalist soldier whose name is becoming forgotten by a generation who are less familiar than were their forbears with the spirit-stirring air of Adam Skirving's ballad of "Johnnie Cope." Skirving was in his early manhood at the time the Battle of Prestonpans was fought, and in the year 1745 he wrote that ballad as well as "Tranent Muir." He died in 1803, and, having during his lifetime a great reputation as an athlete, excelling in all manly sports and exercises, his virtues are thus metrically recorded in the churchyard of Athelstaneford—

In feature, in figure, agility, mind,
And happy wit rarely surpass'd,
With lofty or low could be plain or refined,
Content beaming bright to the last.

Archibald Skirving, a son of the author of "Johnnie Cope," was the painter of that portrait of Robert Burns which shares with Nasmyth's the distinction of being the best likeness of the bard extant.

A Division of Russian cavalry, together with Horse Artillery, has recently been exercised in crossing the Niemen River, near Kovno, as nearly as possible under war conditions. The river is about 250 yards wide, and some twenty feet deep, with a fairly strong current. One regiment of Dragoons swam across with their horses in thirty-three minutes, another in thirty-six minutes, and a Cossack regiment, sotnia

succeeding sotnia, got across in twenty-nine minutes. The men's arms and clothes, together with the few men who could not swim, were taken across in boats or on rafts, and improvised rafts carried the guns and waggons. The whole Division got across in four hours, and there were no mishaps of any importance. The weather was wet and therefore not favourable to the experiment.

I am indebted to Mr. Thomas Jenkins for this photograph of a potato grown by him. It weighed $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

The Queen of the Belgians does not leave Spa till Tuesday, and the winter season has begun under very favourable auspices. A large number of Russian notabilities are still to be seen at the Casino, and the Grand Duke Alexis is in treaty for the historic Salle Levoz, with the view of building a mansion on its site. For the winter season the best hotels have adopted a moderate inclusive tariff.

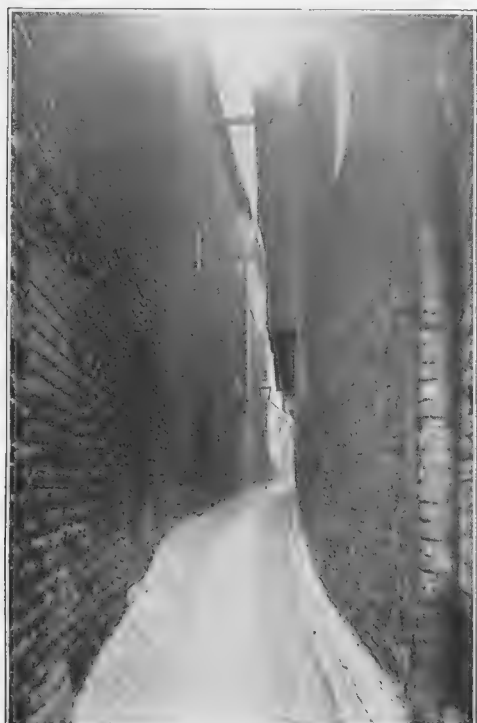


THIS POTATO WEIGHED $3\frac{1}{2}$ LB.
Photo by Long, Cardiff.

"The Queen at Osborne" is the title of a nicely printed and well-illustrated pamphlet by Mr. A. Patchett Martin, who has already given us "Tennyson and the Isle of Wight" and a capital sketch of Australian literature. It is printed in Shanklin. Bravo, Shanklin!

"Kitty Witches" Row, Great Yarmouth, can justly claim to be the narrowest street in the world, the entrance at one end being only twenty-nine inches and at the other fifty-six inches. It gives some idea of the width when one mentions that neighbours can shake hands and put out each other's candles across the street! Why these Rows have been so constructed has given rise to a good deal of discussion: some writers give the reason that when there was a very high tide the water might flow through them; others, in the event of an invasion they would prove an excellent means of defence, or that the ground-plans of the Rows were suggested by the fishermen's nets which, spread on the Denes to dry, had a narrow pathway left between them which represented the Rows. Yarmouth has a hundred and forty-five Rows, and their total length exceeds seven miles, "Kitty Witches" being the most interesting and the narrowest of all.

In days gone by, Hopkins, the witch-finder, had a pet preserve here, hence the derivation of "Kitty Witch." Charles Dickens, who frequently visited Yarmouth, compared it to a vast gridiron, the Rows representing the bars. The word Row itself is thought to come from *rhodio* (to walk), or from the Saxon *rowa* (a rank), but it is more probably a corruption of the French *rue* (a street). Besides being, as *Punch* once described them, a "paradise for painters," they are a delightful study and an object of much interest both to the antiquarian and the tourist.



KITTY WITCHES ROW.



THE WIDEST PART OF THIS ROW IS FIFTY-SIX INCHES.
THE NARROWEST STREET IN THE WORLD.



ENTRANCE OF KITTY WITCHES ROW.

The largest wooden building in the Southern Hemisphere is at Wellington, New Zealand. It is one of the Government buildings, where about six hundred clerks find employment in the various departments.



THIS GOVERNMENT BUILDING, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND, IS THE LARGEST WOODEN HOUSE IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

The Society papers inform me that the "hupper suckles" are flying southwards to town again. The number of people—Mrs. "Willie" This, and Mrs. "Eddie" That—now to be seen in the Park o' Sundays provides the paragraphist with pabulum—

Skies may scowl, and fogs may frown,
Folks are coming back to town—
Scotland sighs, deserted.
Moors are "ripping," in their way,
But you long to see a play,
If you'd be diverted.

Potting deer is very nice
(Though you've got to pay a price).
But the glens are chilly.
Hence (without a heaving sigh)
You may bid a fond good-bye
To your knickered ghillie.

Some have left the land of cakes,
Some are packing up at Aix,
Some at Monte Carlo;
And instead of sea and wind,
One is keen on Letty Lind
Or on Billie Barlow.

Bid adieu to Norway's woes,
Leave Chamounix to its snows
(Kaisers still may ramble):
Tourists long at last to see
Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree,
Mr. Herbert Campbell.

I have lingered on the while—
Grouse could hardly reconcile
Me to gorse and heather;
And I welcome Jack and Jill,
Fresh from stream and glen and hill,
Back to London's tether.

*Wand'rer over land and sea,
London Town's the place for thee:
Summer makes you run and flee;
Winter sends you back to me.*

In spite of Fashoda, the explorative ardour of the French is not damped; it burns with growing heat, and even now a novel expedition is projected to explore the Sahara. The means this new venture will employ may furnish considerable newspaper "copy," if nothing more, to the world. It is to be a balloon voyage, but of no commonplace sort. The science of ballooning has made enormous progress in France, and the balloon for the Sahara is the latest fangle in this line. It is said to cube 13,000 mètres, and to be able to stay in the air from forty to sixty days. We are very far here, then, from the old vagabond balloon that could zigzag for a few hours only, and then, exhausted, come down for refreshment. The itinerary is the Gulf of Gabes to the upper waters of the Niger, and, as over this territory a north-north-west wind blows that is said to be constant, it is calculated that the travellers, once embarked, will journey in the desired direction at the leisurely rate of fifteen kilomètres an hour.

The mission is entrusted to three French officers—Naval-Lieutenant Hearst as chief; the balloon expert, Leo Dax, commissioned Pilot-Aéronaut by the Ministry of War, as balloon commandant; and a Captain of Artillery as mechanical engineer. The supplementary details are interesting. They say the balloon will have a guide-rope twelve hundred mètres long, of steel, with a Rumkorff bobbin at the upper end of it, so that, if natives interfere, the explorers can send thunderbolts down. They say, also, that the ballast will be of lead bottles painted red and filled with liquid, that will serve as guide-marks and as drink in case these babes in the desert are compelled by some accident to land in a dangerous region. The Minister of Marine has had the balloon examined by his most skilful engineers, and is said to have given the

scheme his official patronage. The success has been mathematically demonstrated, and, in case this fantastic journey takes place, it may be prophesied that there will be soon no more secrets in the Sahara.

The Kaiser, always on the alert for new experiences, must have been for once regretful that he was not a woman, when the Empress was shown over the Sultan's harem last week in Constantinople, while that autocratic ruler of fleets and armies had to "stand by," like Captain Cuttle, and meekly wait for details at second-hand. The banquet given at the Yildiz Kiosk in honour of the Emperor and Empress was not only extremely brilliant, but most interesting to boot, from the guests, who numbered a hundred and twenty, to the gastronomic achievements, which were alternately French *chefs d'œuvre* and native dishes. The menu of this royal banquet, sent on by a friend, is truly terrifying in its elaboration, while one cannot help feeling a little sympathetic with the robust Teutonic appetite invited to dally with red mullet stewed in rose-water, pigons stuffed with dates, or other particular fancies of the sweet-toothed Turk.

The Merassim Kiosk, placed at the disposal of the Imperial visitors, is a vision of opulently gorgeous upholstery, and here they withdrew after the banquet. The Sultan, with his son, Prince Burhaneddin, presently followed, to escort the Empress to his harem. By means of Artin Pasha's daughter, who interpreted, her Majesty had a long conversation with the Valideh Sultana, who is said to be one of the most beautiful women in the world. The Princesses and ladies of the Court were deeply interested in those belonging to the Empress's suite, and very interrogative as to the last fashions of Paris and Berlin, which they would willingly exchange for their own classic draperies did the conservative constitution of the harems admit it. As a matter of fact, the yashmak and Rue de la Paix gowns are very often in each other's society with wealthy Turkish women nowadays, who adhere less and less to the spirit rather than the letter of their sumptuary laws, as anyone who has lived in Constantinople can probably tell.

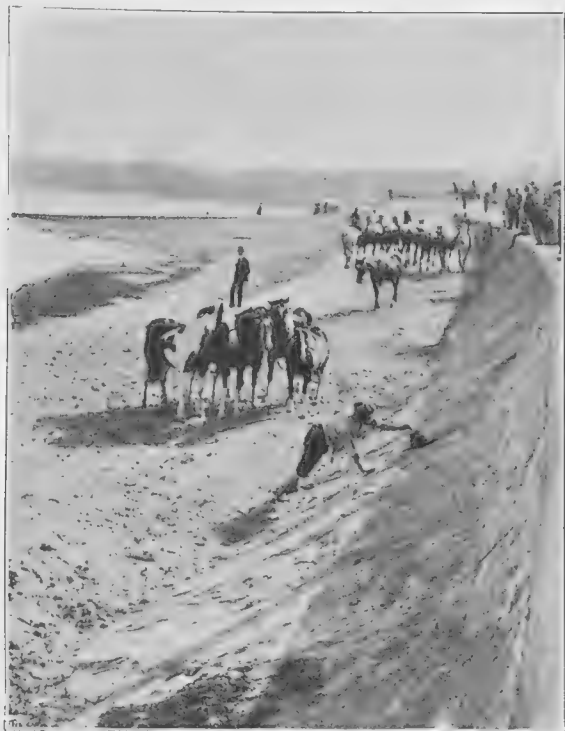
One amusing incident which occurred in the hearing of my correspondent deserves to be told, as illustrating the surprise with which the lazy Turk is overcome in the presence of that unfamiliar virtue punctuality. To a minute, if not before, the Kaiser reached the Bosphorus, therefore deeply disconcerting the authorities, who could realise many things before the fact of a rigidly and royally kept appointment. Therefore the Sultan's royal guests landed from their own *Hohenzollern* instead of the *Abdul Hamid's* steam-launch. There were mutterings, no doubt, but all went politely and passingly well, except in the case of one pert young Turkish official, who on catching sight of the Emperor in the famous Black Hussar uniform, with its large white death's head and cross-bones standing prominently out on the plumed beaver bonnet, muttered to a brother attaché, "Ah! here he comes, like death itself, and just as d—d punctual!" Contrary to the received custom among European Sovereigns, the Sultan did not embrace his Imperial visitors, but contented himself with cordial hand-shakings.

One of the great charms of mediæval architecture is illustrated in the accompanying photograph of the North-West Porch of Rouen Cathedral, namely, the inability, or unwillingness, of the sculptors to invest Biblical characters and scenes with a setting which might, or might not, be more correct, archæologically; but which would be more or less foreign to the common people, for whose instruction they were intended. When the daughter of Herodias came in and danced, "she pleased Herod and them that sat at meat with him," and there can be no doubt that the graceful figure of the girl dancing on her head, or rather, on her hands, did not cause amusement in the fifteenth century as it does now, but truly represented a popular custom, and pleased them that saw it by its truth to nature. In the Church of Saint Vincent, not far off, there are some magnificent stained-glass windows by Engrand and Jean le Prince, which are about the same age as this sculpture.



THE NORTH-WEST PORCH OF ROUEN CATHEDRAL.

There are many ways of spending Sunday. Here I show you how Sanger's Circus makes it a real day of rest, while at the bottom of this column you will see a picture which shows the sermon to which the officers of the 1st Leicestershire, stationed at Ladysmith, Natal, listened



SANGER'S CIRCUS AT MARGATE ON A SUNDAY MORN.

on Aug. 28. One of the preachers of the day was *The Sketch*. If some of us were stationed at Ladysmith, we should certainly go picking buttercups and daisies on the Sabbath, especially as you might pluck by the wayside such gorgeous blossoms as those indicated in the third picture on this page.

Sir Francis Grenfell, the new Colonel-Commandant of the King's Royal Rifles, though he has been almost lost sight of in the excitement over the exploits of the Sirdar, is a soldier who has seen much active service. He joined the Army nearly forty years ago, and in 1877-8 served in the Transkei operations, also in the Kaffir War of the latter year. In 1879 he was at Ulundi, and in 1881 with Sir Evelyn Wood in the Boer War. In 1882 he was at Tel-el-Mahuta, Kassassin, and Tel-el-Kebir, and 1885 saw him again in Egypt with the Nile Expedition. He was with the Egyptian Frontier Field Force in 1885-6, and commanded a Division at Giniss, gaining his K.C.B. In 1888 he directed the troops in the operations near Suakin, and in 1889 commanded the Nile Field Force at Toski, and was promoted for distinguished service in the field. He has been mentioned in despatches many times.

For weeks past the Edinburgh people have been preparing to welcome home the "Gay Gordons" to the Scottish capital, after an absence on foreign service of seventeen years, and now the War Office have detained them at Alexandria on their way home from India. If names mean anything, the whole British Infantry force in the land of the



ONE WAY OF SPENDING SUNDAY: OFFICERS READING "THE SKETCH."

Pharaohs consists of Scotchmen and Irishmen, with a large preponderance of the Highlanders. Besides the Gordons, there are the 1st Seaforths, the 1st Camerons, and the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers. How long the Gordons will have to remain in Egypt is not known, but whenever they come home they are sure of a warm welcome, for they have done good work for the Empire since they left England for Malta in 1881. From Malta they were despatched to Egypt, and won not a little glory at Tel-el-Kebir. Then once more back to Malta, in 1885. Three years later they were moved to Ceylon, and then went to India, where officers and men did so splendidly during the recent Frontier War. Now they are once more in Egypt, bemoaning that the War Office will not permit "Dargai" to be added to the regiment's long list of battle honours.

I have received a pathetic letter from a serjeant in India about a drink cure which I mentioned in these pages the other day. He writes—

I have been a very heavy drinker ever since my arrival in India (nine years ago), and have made resolutions time after time to overcome the passion for drink, but have always failed, and of late years I have felt it growing on me to such an extent that it must eventually become my ruin. I have already lost two chances of promotion through drink, and, being a comparatively intelligent man, am sure I could retrieve what I have lost could I withstand the temptation. If you could help me in any way to obtain this cure, you would be doing a good turn.

One result of the North-West Frontier Campaign has been the issue of a memorandum by the Commander-in-Chief in India with regard to the training of both European and native troops in hill-fighting. Though some discretion is to be left to commanding officers, in view of local surroundings, a programme has been prepared. The men are first to be trained by companies, the company being the usual fighting unit under such conditions. When the companies are proficient, the battalion as a whole will be taken in hand. The idea of forming Light Companies has been discarded, but men who show special aptitude and physical fitness will be trained as scouts. Mountain batteries are to be used when possible, and a "skeleton" enemy will be represented by picked men under selected officers.



A SOUTH AFRICAN WILD-FLOWER.

Photo by Ellerbeck, Claremont, Cape Colony.

Nine men out of ten, if asked where Volunteering is most popular, would say Middlesex; but the latest figures show that there are 25,876 efficient Volunteers in Lancashire, whereas Middlesex, which comes next in order, boasts only 19,624, while the third position is occupied by West Yorkshire with only 10,783. Surrey, though it is so thickly populated, has only 6269 citizen soldiers, and of these about seven-eighths have their headquarters in London, and are not really Surrey corps. One of the most curious facts is that Devonshire, the third largest county in all England, has only 5369 Volunteers, although it was at Exeter that the first corps was formed by Sir John Bucknill, who died the other day at Bournemouth. He was practising as a doctor at the time, and his love for soldiering remained with him to the last. When one thinks of the Marlboroughs, the Bullers, the Raleighs, the Drakes, and a hundred other Devonshire families famous in warfare in the past, it is surprising that the West Country shows so little martial ardour to-day.

The sober fact is that there is not the same enthusiasm for Volunteering as there was before the introduction of the long-distance Lee-Metford rifle led to so many ranges being condemned as dangerous. All over the country, ranges have been condemned, and, owing to the scarcity of battalion funds, it has been found impossible to get together money for new ones, even where a suitable site can be obtained. The Lee-Metford is a beautiful weapon, but many Volunteers wish they could revert to the old Martini-Henry, because the facilities for rifle-practice have always been the great attraction with recruits. It is a pastime the novelty of which does not quickly wear off. The Government is being urged to give financial aid to enable corps to procure new ranges, but the War Office authorities always say that they have a dozen more urgent claims for every penny of the Army Votes.

Miss Norah Nicolas, who made a very successful début last week as violinist at the Steinway Hall, seems likely to become a very valuable addition to our national artists. For the young lady, though she has French blood in her veins as well as Irish, clearly is rather a daughter of Erin than a child of France, and she was born at Beckenham. When nine years of age she received a certificate from the Royal Academy, and for years she has studied under the famous Professor August Wilhelmj. Miss Nicolas, in her performance of works by Schumann, Ries, and Grieg, showed an excellent style and good tone, while her execution evinces careful study in a sound method, and the practice, practice, practice essential in those who hope to become Paganinis or Sarasates.



MISS NORAH NICOLAS.

Photo by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

To those who take an interest in modern English song-writing, the name of Miss Frances Allitsen is a name of grace, since she has devoted her rich gift of melody and full knowledge of music to the purpose of setting, one may even say embellishing, real poetry instead of mere royalty ballads. At her concert the other day in the St. James's Hall, Miss Allitsen had the help, amongst others, of Miss Margaret Macintyre, Miss Ada Crossley, Miss Esther Palliser, Mr. Charles Tree, and Mr. Copland, all of whom sang, with evident pleasure to themselves as well as to the audience, compositions by Miss Allitsen. The score of songs by the concert-giver that were sung showed every mood of her lyre, from the religious song, "Like as the Hart," admirably sung by Miss Crossley, to the fantastic "Life is a Bubble"; from the gloomy "Whether We Die or We Live" to the gay in "The Nightingale has a Lyre of Gold," sung twice by Miss Macintyre. In all these beautiful songs there is evident an admirable gift of invention, true science, and knowledge of the voice, whilst to some, one may even apply the term inspiration. If the average concert were to present such songs and singers, the life of the musical critic would be a happy one.

A pianist and a singer combined is common enough among amateurs, but the professional is rarely the two rolled into one. Madame Hanka Schjelderup (pronounced "Shelderoop"), however, can sing and play, and Grieg himself wrote of her that the "talent she possesses is priceless." No sooner had she graduated from her academic training for the piano, and scored some successes in public, than she began to devote all her spare time to the further cultivation of her voice.

Madame Schjelderup was born in Christiania, but spent most of her childhood in Bergen, where her father held a high Government position, and, coming of a very musical family, she gave early indication of exceptional talents, which were encouraged in every way. Her first public appearance was in Bergen, when she was only fourteen years of age, with Ole Bull, the fiddler-king, as her partner, and so promising was her performance that she was sent to Paris for further study, and, entering the Conservatoire, she worked long and earnestly under the guidance of François Thomé, Ely Delabrode, Marie Jaëll, Massenet, and Savarde, and, after giving several concerts in Paris, she went to Weimar, to Liszt, after which she decided to cultivate her voice, and studied under Madame Marchesi in Paris, Madame Orgenie in Dresden, and Madame Meysenheim in Munich. Then Madame Wagner took so much interest in her that she invited her to Bayreuth to give her access to Wagnerian treasures, and her dramatic diction was guided by Madame Ritter, the wife of the composer and at one time an eminent actress. She has now given concerts in Germany, France, Switzerland, Denmark, and Norway, many of which have been honoured by the presence of royalty, and in Paris she has made a special study of popularising the songs and works of Brahms, and, after his death, was the first to arrange a concert in his



MADAME HANKA SCHJELDERUP.

Photo by Marx, Munich.

honour. Her art is bright and brave, genuine and original, for she has the courage to be herself and to give us herself in all she does.

Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, the character of whose work merits for him a place among the great names of Hungary—Kossuth, Liszt, Munkacsy—lives in extreme simplicity; he is seldom seen away from home, and he begins work at his desk in the early morning, sometimes remaining there the whole day. A small room adjoining his library contains the books of reference he consults, a narrow bed like a soldier's, and a few window-plants. The room is so destitute of what is generally looked upon as necessary comforts that it might be the dormitory of a monk. Dr. Jokai, now in his seventy-fourth year, is constantly attended by a devoted man-servant, who has grown aged in his beloved master's service. The Hungarian novelist possesses an extensive knowledge of horticulture, he tends his garden with his own hands, and he is the author of a little work, "Hints on Gardening," which is extremely popular among his neighbours.

This picture shows you, in fancy-dress, the great interest taken by South African ladies in their elections. The likeness is that of Miss Ethel Brown, of Kimberley, and represents "Our Future Members" (for Kimberley). It was worn at a fancy-dress ball given in celebration of Mr. Rhodes's birthday before the recent Cape Elections took place, and gives photographs of the House of Assembly, with portraits of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his Excellency Sir A. Milner, together with the successful candidates, Mr. James Lawrence, Colonel Harris, Dr. Rutherford Harris, and Mr. Arthur Stead, while on the train at the back is printed the proclamation by the Governor and the Cape Coat of Arms. Unfortunately, the colours of the "Progressives"—red, white, and blue—do not appear in the photograph.

Dear Sketch (writes a correspondent), I am informed on good authority that "hats are growing smaller," but can't say that I see many signs of it. As you tell us more about things theatrical than any other illustrated paper—and I hope will go on doing so—will you find a corner to suggest to managers that they might do much to render the "matinée hat" comparatively harmless by arranging the seats not one behind another, but one behind two, so that the occupant of a seat, say, in the dress-circle would look over the shoulders of the two people in front, and not over the head of one? I am sure this method of seating the audience, particularly in those parts of the house which more directly face the stage, would be appreciated, and would not, I imagine, involve any sacrifice of seat accommodation worth mention.



A FANCY-DRESS.

Photo by Hancox, Kimberley.

Someone has been advocating properly licensed and properly supervised Domestic Agencies, and really the exceeding bitter cry of the servantless mistress is heard so loudly from every part of this vast Metropolis that it would seem the time has now come for the establishment of such bureaux. The existing registry offices appear to exist principally for the extraction of fees from despairing housewives. The *modus operandi* is certainly amusing. Take any daily paper and glance at the column where the wants of servants requiring situations are advertised. You will find that nine-tenths of the addresses are registry offices, and you will find also a perennial country-girl, who has all the qualifications necessary for a household treasure, and a name which varies from day to day. Sometimes it is "Lizzie" who requires a comfortable home and can do everything to keep it so, sometimes "Annie," or "Laura," or "Ellen"; but, answer the advertisement, and you will find that to set eyes on any one of these rural damsels is as difficult a feat as to get within seeing distance of a snark.

In fact, these "decoy" domestics are all "boojums," and softly and silently vanish away just as the housewife hopes to secure one. In place of the damsel comes a suggestion that you should visit such and such a registry office, pay your fee, and then "be suited." Some registry offices I could mention add a little dealing in curios to their advertised business. Where and how the domestics obtain the various articles, I cannot say, but I have been offered on several occasions china, silver, and old prints, which the keeper of the office has taken out of charity, and desires to dispose of at prices which, he assures you, make them extraordinary bargains. Of such bargains, I say, beware. "Trust him not; he is fooling thee."

Supplementing the little article which appeared in these pages the other day on Gray the poet, I have received two interesting pictures from Mr. A. C. Hide, of Surbiton, whose great-godfather (if such a relationship exists), Mr. Richard Comings, of Cambridge, was Gray's executor. The first is an unpublished silhouette of Gray taken when the poet was sixteen. Another silhouette in Mr. Hide's possession shows Mr. and Mrs. Comings seated at table. Mr. Hide also owns a fine watch which belonged to the poet, with the initials "T. G." on the case, a prayer-book which was used by the poet's mother (*née* Dorothy Antrobus), and a pair of fine old blue china vases mentioned in the will. The rope-ladder which Gray used to keep under his bed in case of fire, and on which he made his descent into the butt of water, is owned by Mr. Hide's aunt, Mrs. Lander. I may add that the house in Cornhill in which Gray was born was the one occupied for many years by Messrs. Barraud and Lund, but was sold to the National Discount Company some years ago, and has, of course, been pulled down to be replaced by the present building. In Gray's time it had a garden running down to the small river at the back (now, I believe, a sewer), and was valued at £60 a-year. The house alone, without the garden, was worth £20,000 (about) some ten years ago.

Only the people who have been in the country regularly during the last few months can realise the intense joy with which the natives greeted the return of the rain. In a part of Essex where I shoot fairly regularly during the season, the water supply gave out some weeks ago. The villagers and farmers have had to walk nearly three miles for their water, to another village, whose pumps have weathered the drought. The water pilgrimage commenced at 3 a.m., and, as the days grew shorter and the nights longer, people have been compelled to take lanterns with them when going down the long lanes that never knew a lamp-post. The early morning journey was necessary, because the people in whose village the pumps happen to be start securing their own supplies well before six o'clock. I know one pond to which the wild duck would often pay a flying visit at eventide on their way to the marshes by the sea-wall. Behind the bank that shelters it on one side I have now and again been able to get a shot, particularly when the weather has been very cold. Now and again a few teal would be seen or heard in the same neighbourhood, but since August the pond has been as dry as an essay on differential calculus, and the wildfowl have avoided it as carefully as his Satanic Majesty is said to avoid holy water. Ferrets have been of little use for rabbit-shooting, because it was impossible to dig when they "laid up"; partridge-cover has been scarce, and the birds have been more wild than ever; ploughmen have said their work has been well-nigh impossible: in short, the drought has played havoc with agriculture and sport.

I would write a word, more in anger than sorrow, to people who travel on the Underground Railway. My object in writing is to beg them, of their courtesy, to refrain from travelling in first- or second-class carriages with third-class tickets. For my sins, I travel once or twice a

week through the chamber of horrors between Moorgate Street and High Street, Kensington, and I rarely take a journey without finding my carriage invaded by some polite inspector, who, with the air of a man determined to suffer no denial, demands to see the tickets. He seldom bags less than a brace, and the ladies are the worst offenders. They produce third-class or second-class tickets in first-class carriages with supreme nonchalance, and argue with the inspector as to the exact amount to which he may lay fair claim. Now, it is hard enough for a man to travel on the Underground Railway and endure the bad air and general discomfort, without having to search for his ticket between stations at the bidding of the modern highwayman who bids him sit and deliver. Yet, seeing how rich a reward in copper and small silver these inspectors net, it is impossible to blame them for seeking so profitable a diversion.

The army is not the only venerable institution in France from which profane hands are seeking to tear the veil. The wanton journalist has been recently turning his attention to the short-comings of that other bulwark of the Constitution, the railway system. "Why do the trains not go so quickly as they do in England? Why are there so many accidents? Why are the carriages in such a bad state? Why are trains so unpunctual? Why—?" But every day some new grievance is brought to light, until the poor directors may well cry out for mercy. One of the bitterest complaints has been made on the subject

of the whistling indulged in by the engine-drivers. A former Director of the State Railways of Austria, who resides in Paris in proximity to the works of the Exhibition, declared that neither he nor his family could rest o' nights for the infernal shrieking of the whistling fiends who drove the trains conveying the stone and other materials for the buildings in course of erection. In all his experience of railways, he said, he had never heard anything like it. Other people, including Léon Cléry, the celebrated pleader, have amply corroborated him.

The much-abused engine-driver has naturally found champions. Whistling, it is explained, is really his only means of amusing himself, and, taking into consideration the arduous nature of his calling, it would be grossly unfair to rob him of his pastime simply because it disturbs the slumbers of a few lazy bourgeois. The subject has even been brought before the French Academy of Medicine, and a learned member of the faculty has given it as his opinion that the undue prolongation of the whistle is owing to the fact that the driver's ear has become so dulled by abuse of the whistle that he himself does not hear the shrillest peals. To fully appreciate what instruments of torture may be made out of things devised for the public safety, you should visit Cairo. Electric tramway-cars were introduced some two years ago into the capital of Egypt. The tramways were furnished with huge gongs, and the drivers were Arabs, to whom noise is as the breath of their nostrils. On the slightest provocation, and often on no provocation at all, the gongs are set to work, with a result that would put to shame the most veteran whistling engine-driver of Gaul.



GRAY, WHO WROTE THE "ELEGY"
IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.



RICHARD COMINGS, GRAY'S EXECUTOR, AND HIS WIFE.
Immortalised in the delicate Art of the Silhouette.

A PARSON WHO WANTS TO BECOME A PEER.

The Rev. John Sinclair, minister of the parish of Kinloch-Rannoch, Perthshire, is actively engaged in asserting his right, against all comers, to be Earl of Caithness. He is said to have State and other evidence to show that the present holder of the title, who is a farmer in the United States, descends from a cadet branch of distant collaterals of the



THE MANSE OF KINLOCH RANNOCH, PERTH, WHERE THE WOULD-BE EARL OF CAITHNESS LIVES.
Photo by Paul Cameron, Pitlochry.

family, without a shadow of claim upon the position. There is no doubt whatever that the reverend gentleman is the head of the oldest line of the famous house of Sinclair. Only one point is open to dispute—whether he is the *lawful* head; that is, whether all of his ancestors were born in wedlock. Recent evidence shows they were.

Alexander Sinclair, ninth Earl of Caithness, who is the cause of most of the pother, died in 1765, at the age of eighty-one. He had married a daughter of the first Earl of Rosebery, and had an only daughter, Dorothy, who married the second Earl Fife. Her husband could not succeed, because a State charter limited the title to males. If Caithness had not been thus a male fee, the Duke of Fife would be also Earl of Caithness. A matter, however, of practical importance still, is that the Duke, through Lady Dorothy Sinclair, has, by one accident or another, claim upon various estates in the northern county. Earl Alexander must, indeed, have been a wicked old man, because he dispossessed her of the lands left to her by her uncle, Lord Murkle, Judge of the Court of Session, for by an illegal entail, dated 1761, he assigned the estates (now worth £10,000 a-year) to the Sinclairs of Stevenston, Haddingtonshire, though they were not related to him. The Countess lost her case in the courts.

The Earl's death involved another great wrong, for his title went to a distant kinsman, while it ought to have fallen to his cousin, Donald Sinclair, from whom the minister is descended. This Donald was the son of the Earl's uncle, the Hon. David Sinclair of Broynach. Donald was well known to his cousin. According to a printed document, dated 1767, which was discovered in the Bodleian Library only last June, it is proved that Donald was educated by the Earl's mother, the Dowager-Countess of Caithness, by his brother, the Hon. Francis Sinclair of Westfield, and favoured as a relative of first promise by Earl Alexander himself. Lord Murkle also was practically interested in Donald's future, none of these brothers having male children. He was sent by them to sea, and at the time of his cousin's death he was captain and owner of a vessel trading from Avoch, near Fort George, to Sarclet at Wick.

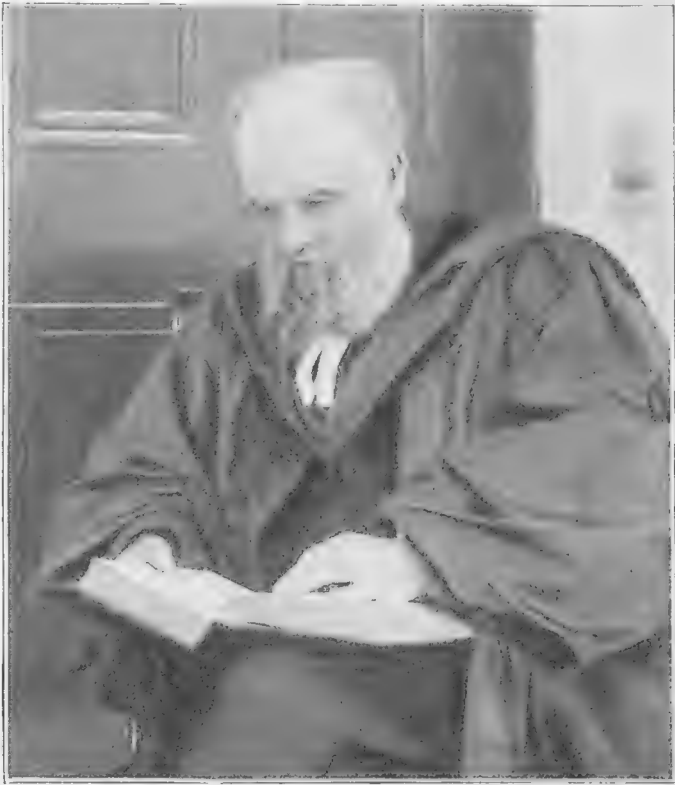
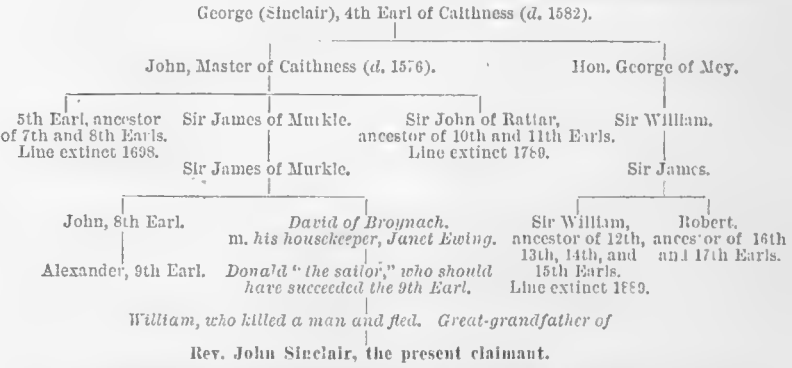
There are several reasons why Donald did not claim the earldom. In the first place, as the estates had been (unrighteously) willed away, the title was penniless. Secondly (and more important), he was unable to prove his legitimacy. He was born in February 1701, and, if he had a vague idea, perhaps, that his mother, Janet Ewing, had married his father (though only in June 1700), he could not demonstrate the fact, as the ecclesiastical evidence now extant in Caithness presbytery and kirk-session minutes was not known, and, therefore, was unavailable for him. His mother, Janet Ewing, had been his father's housekeeper. But she was one of the Ewings of Bernice, Argyllshire, from whom are descended the millionaire baronets and members of Parliament known by the double surname of Orr-Ewing, one of whom recently married the Duke of Roxburghe's sister. Janet and her husband had been under the severe discipline of the Presbyterian Kirk about the birth of a child before marriage. That child died a baby, and Donald, by the existing ecclesiastical evidence, was born eight months after the ceremony. For him also, on no really intelligible ground, discipline was exacted. His parents' marriage, however, is now an absolutely authenticated fact, by official extracts; David is described as Janet's "husband," and Janet as his "wife," in the church records now in the county.

A third difficulty prevented Donald from claiming succession to his cousin's title, for his son William had got into serious trouble. While Donald was in contract with the British Government to supply to Fort George victuals for two thousand men, he went to buy corn at a market near Isauld, where Earl Alexander had made the youth his rent-collector. A popular tumult arose against the export of grain, and William,

in defending himself, or perhaps asserting his position as a magistrate, slew one of the Mackays, of the Reay country, in October 1760. Father and son had at once to fly for their lives at great pecuniary sacrifices. It is believed that William was till his death, in December 1788, in fugitation for manslaughter; but it is pretty clear that the authorities, who gave bounty on the export of corn, did not press his outlawry, for he took refuge at Avoch, in the immediate neighbourhood of Fort George. His deed by Scots law has no force over the rights of his descendants, and the Rev. John, who now claims to be Earl of Caithness, is William's great-grandson and representative.

Donald's total reticence brought forward two false candidates for the title. William Sinclair of Rattar was the one, a very distant relative of the deceased earl; the other was James, the son of Donald's junior brother David, who, Rattar admitted, was nearer. David had outraged the feelings of all his relatives by a low marriage, by refusing to follow the line of life they advised him to pursue, and by being a common labourer, kelp-burner, and, ultimately, private soldier in the Dutch wars. When the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 disbanded our Army, he wandered for many years in Morayshire, away from his high-born cousins, with five or six children, in abject poverty, a wound in the face ultimately ending his misery. His eldest son, James, did not know his Caithness relatives, it is believed, and set up a claim for himself to be Earl of Caithness, certainly having better right than Rattar. But he lost the contest in 1772, went to India, and became Captain under John Company. In 1786 he returned to London and tried to wrest by law the earldom from the second impostor-Earl, John Sinclair of Rattar, but died Jan. 11, 1788.

The Rattar line, however, died out in 1789—their estate is now held by Mr. J. C. Traill, brother of the editor of *Literature*—when the earldom went to a still more distant relative of Earl Alexander, one of the elder branch of the Sinclairs of Mey. They reigned precisely a century, dying out in 1889 (the Countess of Caithness living at that time being the eccentric Duchess of Pomar, the spiritualist). The title then went to the younger branch of the Sinclairs of Mey, in the person of an Aberdeen banker, Mr. James Augustus Sinclair, whose son (the American farmer) now holds the earldom. You will understand the whole case more clearly by looking at this table—



THE REV. JOHN SINCLAIR, WHO WANTS TO BE EARL OF CAITHNESS.
Photo by Paul Cameron, Pitlochry.

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MISS MAUD HOFFMAN, WHO IS PLAYING IN "THE GREAT RUBY," AT DRURY LANE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The enormous strides that the photographer has made within the last six or seven years separates him so completely from the pioneers of the daguerrotype that the two seem centuries apart. Photographic enthusiasts—and their name is legion—are being catered for with unusual lavishness at this moment, for the Photographic Salon is open (in the Egyptian Hall), while the photographic work of the world in



REAPING (THORNTON PICKARD COMPETITION).—A. LINDSAY MILLER.
Reproduced by permission of the Editors of "Photograms of '98."

1898 is displayed to advantage in the new edition of *Photograms*, which Messrs. Dawbarn and Ward have just issued at a shilling, with a fine collection of photographs reproduced in process.

Take Mr. A. Lindsay Miller's picture, "Reaping." But for the fact of your actually knowing that it is a product of the camera, it would be impossible to say that it was not a product of the easel. The same is true of the portraits. What could be better than Baron A. von Meyer-Watson's study of a head, reproduced on the opposite page, or of Mr. William Crooke's (Edinburgh) picture of the late Sheriff Comrie Thomson (who, you remember, saved Monson from the gallows in the Ardlamont case)?

The forty-third annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which is being held at the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is also a notable collection. It is odd, too, to find that precisely the artistic sins which beset the inferior painter beset the photographer. Sentimentality, a cheap kind of persuasiveness, an easy satisfaction with a showy result also have a place in this realistic art. Such a title as "Eyes of the Soul," for example, would more or less fix the position of a certain kind of picture, and it is odd to find that the same title in just the same fashion fixes the position of a certain kind of photograph. On the other hand, it must now once and for all be admitted that in the art of selection, of rejection, and of arrangement, the photographer of to-day can effect the most charming and delightful results. A "Rembrandt Study," for example, by Philipp Ritter von Schoeller, arrests your passing immediately by reason of the very fact that it appeals to you as a Rembrandt. In drawing—none too contradictory a word, after all—in modelling, in chiaroscuro, it has all that master's peculiar and fine characteristics set forth in black-and-white. That, for a beginning, is an engrossing enough feat.

In such a work as "Fifth Avenue by Night," by William A. Fraser, you have what is not so purely an artistic achievement, but one that is more startling and more momentarily impressive. The splendid lighting, which has been caught, as it seems, in just one moment of sensational life at its summit, must, in the old catchword, be seen to be appreciated. Another very fine effect of light will be found in Mr. A. Horsley Hinton's "Hill-Top," in which what one takes to be an eastern glow has extraordinary beauty in the rendering.

So good, generally speaking, is this show of actual landscape, of actual humanity, that in the remembrance it is impossible not to admire the sitters as well as the photographer. A portrait, for example, entitled "Asphodel," taken by H. J. Haviland, makes one exclaim in praise of the admirable dramatic art of the lady who has entrusted her face to this camera. The same lady appears not quite so successfully in "A Profile Study," with the same artist for photographer. Looking abroad at the landscapes and seascapes, it is wonderful, again, to note how beautifully the intractable sea behaved itself in Mr. J. Grant Birch's little study, "In Mid-Pacific." For a moment it seems as though every wave had stood still before the bidding of a man. A charming girl sitting charmingly, with vivid alertness and brilliant life, is to be seen in R. M. Evans's "Marri." Then, bursting like a lorn wastrel of unreality upon the astonished gaze, comes a genuine Leader in the shape of Mr. C. W. Richardson's "Declining Day." How Mr. Richardson ever found Nature in so Leaderesque a mood can never be sufficiently admired for a piece of absolute ingenuity.

In a word, then, this exhibition is one of quite exceptional beauty and interest. A visit to this gallery should prove to almost any septic—remembering Mr. Pennell, one says "almost" instinctively—that photography is "creeping up" with a sureness and a swiftness not unworthy of the Nature that Mr. Whistler so grudgingly praises.

We have all noticed, since April 1897, the novel arrangement for illuminating the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly. A fresh departure has been made in the world-renowned Bridgewater Picture Gallery. All lovers of art will be glad to learn that Lord Ellesmere has decided to allow the Picture Gallery to be lighted by electricity in the most elaborate and scientific way. With a view to imitating the colouring of daylight, and keeping the variation of its intensity well under control, Messrs. O'Gorman and Cozens-Hardy, when consulted by the Bridgewater Trustees as to the best way of effecting this, have conducted tests on the use of light reflected by suitably tinted walls and ceilings, and have shown that, with what is called an over-incandescent filament, the solar effect is wonderfully simulated. The light is intense, but entirely diffused by distributing rows of lamps behind the cornice and behind the mouldings of the skylights. The intensity of light will be equivalent to that adopted in the House of Commons, but will be untinted and within an easy control, and is so protected as to be unable in any way to prejudice the priceless Bridgewater collection and their setting of decorative work in frieze and cornice. The light of the sun was quantitatively analysed years ago; it has been necessary to wait until the present year for this knowledge to be applied synthetically on a large scale in practice. It is expected that daylight will be available on tap at all times in the Gallery before the conclusion of the present year.



THE GOLDEN CLOSE OF EVENING.

A Photograph Exhibited at the Photographic Salon by Ralph W. Robinson, of Redhill and Guildford.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.

BY THE BARON A. VON MEYER W.

PLOUGHS AND PLOUGHING.

From Photographs by Newman, Berkhamstead.



A STEAM-PLOUGH.

No sooner is the corn harvested than the plough is brought into use. Owing to the hardness of the ground this season, there is some difficulty in keeping the implement down; it shows a tendency to jump and rise out of the work. Nevertheless, the business must be accomplished, and the other day I saw five plough-teams working in one field. They were turning up the clover leys. These make "a good bit of ploughing," as one of the men remarked, for they like to see a straight furrow and a well-turned sod. The ploughman guides his plough for the first furrow entirely by the eye; placing a piece of paper in a cleft stick, he sets it up in the middle of the field and then steers his course for it. So well trained is his eye that he makes a perfectly straight line. The wheel of the modern iron plough being kept close to the edge of the furrow, each bout is exactly alike. In this art, as in every other, the engineer has been at work, perfecting the implement, until the ploughman has little to do but drive his horses and follow the plough-tail. Thus it is that lads of fifteen are put to the work, their teams following those of the older hands. In former times ploughs were constructed of wood and had no wheels; consequently, the ploughman would hold and guide them every step of the way. Ofttimes it was not built correctly, many village wheelwrights not understanding how to properly set it. When taken to the field, it would either dig into the ground too deep or rise out of it altogether, and sometimes pitch the ploughman over, as it was dragged forward by a powerful team of three or four horses. There were exceptions, and some wheelwrights would seem to have quite a genius for making ploughs, their handiwork being sought for far and near. Possibly the secret of their success lay in the correct use of the square

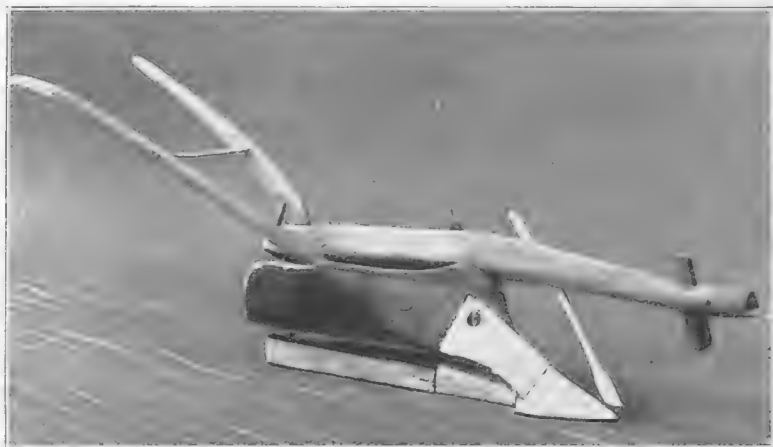


PLOUGHING THE CLOVER LEYS.

and plumb-line. The model of a wooden plough, of which an illustration is given, was made by the writer's grandfather more than sixty years ago. It looks very primitive, but implements made on the same lines are still used on wet clay soils, where the wheels of an iron plough would soon clog up. There was no implement in which there was greater variety of form: every county had its favourites; but to-day the large manufacturers turn out ploughs that are all alike in their main features, and, except on very heavy soils, they are worked by one man and two horses.

Steam-ploughs are now used, but their purchase-price is prohibitive except to the wealthy agriculturist, so they travel on the hire system, ploughing or cultivating at so much per acre. Two powerful traction-engines are generally used. These take up positions one at each end of a field, and by means of a huge drum, on which is wound an endless wire cable, pull the plough to and fro across the land, eight furrows being made on each journey, the engines moving on that distance before the ploughs return; a large area of land is thus quickly gone over.

Ploughmen have long since ceased to observe Plough Monday. This old-time religious festival falls on the second Monday in January, and marked the opening of the Spring ploughing season. In years gone by, the men used to collect offerings for their patron saints, to obtain a



MODEL OF A WOODEN PLOUGH MADE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

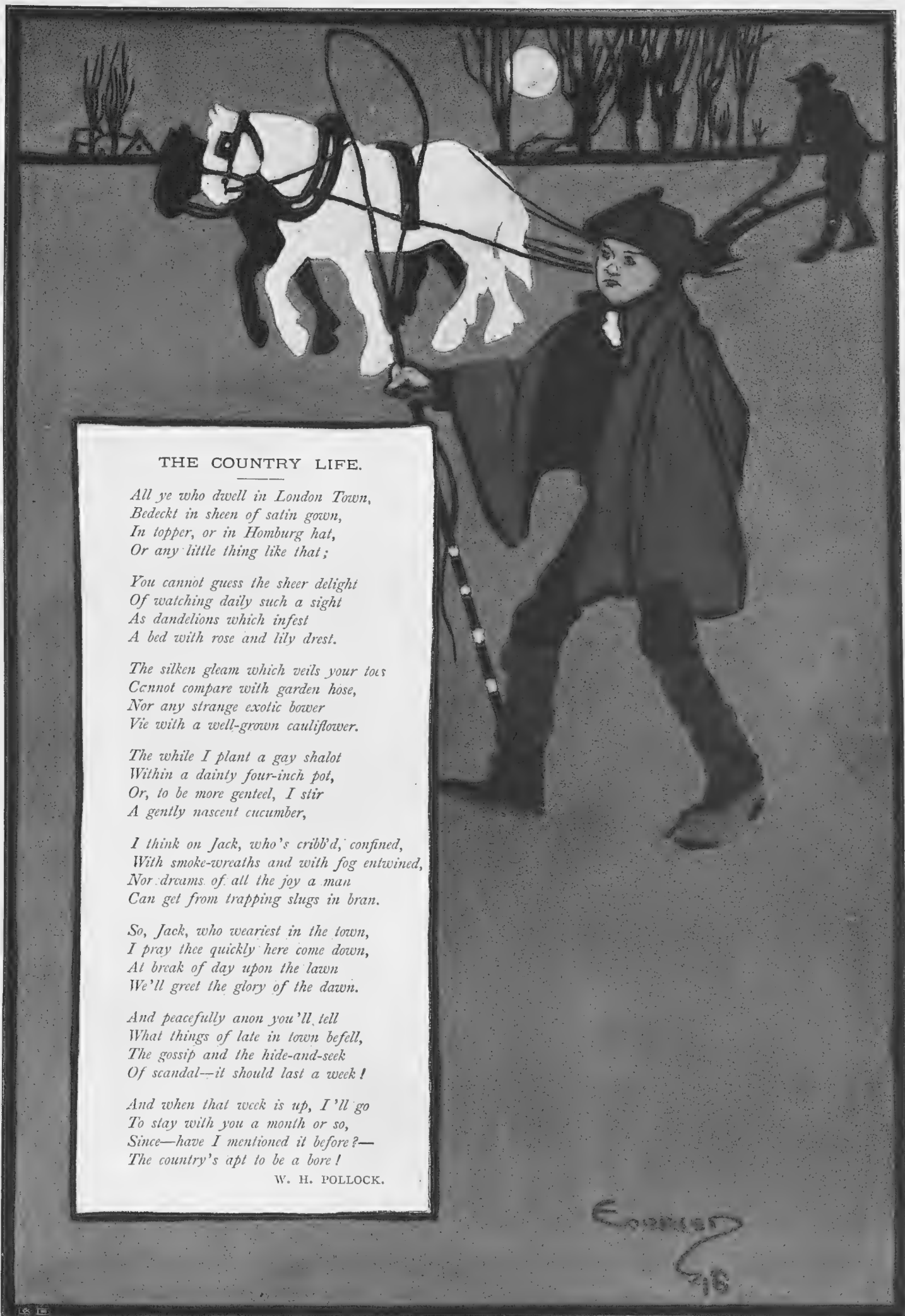
blessing on their toil. The collections were continued for many generations, but the money was applied to other purposes, providing a little diversion in the monotonous life of Hodge. The conditions of his labour are now much improved, but the ploughman is still the hardest-worked man on the farm. He must rise, even in winter, at 5 a.m., to feed his horses, and, after following the plough all day, groom and rack up the animals at 6 p.m. True, he goes about his work in a leisurely manner, and if you were foolish enough to ask him why, he would soon tell you that the necessity of carrying seven pounds' weight of boot and soil on each foot would make a dancing Cockerney do the same. The latter might be dispensed with—

But a bold Peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

J. T. N.

THE KAISER.

Mr. Maurice Ledet has written a not uninteresting book on "The German Emperor at Home" (published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.). The subject affords a pleasant opportunity to interpolate the minutiae of life which elsewhere might prove very prolix. The varied life which the Emperor of Germany leads is well known to the public, but the intricacies of the German Court, with which Mr. Maurice Ledet is well informed, will prove instructive as well as interesting. To learn that the German Emperor loves his horses and visits them in their stables will endear him to many who scoff at his egoism.



THE COUNTRY LIFE.

*All ye who dwell in London Town,
Bedeckt in sheen of satin gown,
In topper, or in Homburg hat,
Or any little thing like that;*

*You cannot guess the sheer delight
Of watching daily such a sight
As dandelions which infest
A bed with rose and lily drest.*

*The silken gleam which veils your toes
Cannot compare with garden hose,
Nor any strange exotic bower
Vie with a well-grown cauliflower.*

*The while I plant a gay shalot
Within a dainty four-inch pot,
Or, to be more genteel, I stir
A gently nascent cucumber,*

*I think on Jack, who's cribb'd, confined,
With smoke-wreaths and with fog entwined,
Nor dreams of all the joy a man
Can get from trapping slugs in bran.*

*So, Jack, who weariest in the town,
I pray thee quickly here come down,
At break of day upon the lawn
We'll greet the glory of the dawn.*

*And peacefully anon you'll tell
What things of late in town befell,
The gossip and the hide-and-seek
Of scandal—it should last a week!*

*And when that week is up, I'll go
To stay with you a month or so,
Since—have I mentioned it before?—
The country's apt to be a bore!*

W. H. POLLOCK.

Engraved
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MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON'S NOVEL *

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the well-known critic of the "Bookman" and the "British Weekly," discourses to the readers of "Sketch" concerning the literary achievements of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the friend of Swinburne and the honoured critic of the "Athenæum."

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, though comparatively unknown to the general public, has long been one of the most potent forces in the world of letters. It is some twenty years since he commenced his remarkable series of criticisms in the *Athenæum*. These papers were recognised from the very first as the work of an original thinker and a profound scholar. When Lowell came over to England he happened to meet Mr. Watts-Dunton at a dinner-party. He immediately expressed eager interest. This puzzled Mr. Dunton, but Lowell explained that he had been a subscriber to the *Athenæum* for many years, and had recently found in it a new writer, and never rested until he learned his name. He was referring to Mr. Watts-Dunton's article on the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," the first in the long series. This laid the foundation of what proved a constant and deep friendship. Mr. Watts-Dunton is also known as the most intimate and beloved friend of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne. He was the good angel of Rossetti's later years, was with him in all his troubles, held his friendship when so many lost it, and kept him company in the supreme hour. Mr. Watts-Dunton could never be induced to write the Life of Rossetti, but in an "Encyclopædia Britannica" article, as well as in some short papers of reminiscence, he has given by far the most illuminating and trustworthy account of that genius which has appeared. To the "Britannica" he also contributed the great article on Poetry which forms the most authoritative statement of the principles of criticism to be found in our language. The Editors of the "Encyclopædia" thought of three names for this article—Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Watts-Dunton—and the influence of the all-accomplished Robertson Smith fixed the choice on the last, a choice which we may safely say no student will ever regret.

Until very recently Mr. Watts-Dunton has shrunk from appearing before the public as an author. Lately, his book of poems, "The Coming of Love," appeared, and attracted wide attention. Now at last he has given to the public his romance, "Aylwin." "Aylwin" was written some twenty years ago, and was much read in manuscript. It was enthusiastically admired by many eminent men who saw it, and the author was strongly urged to publish it. He so far agreed that, some fourteen years ago, an announcement appeared that it was to be published, and we believe it was printed at that time. There were reasons, however, such as Mr. Watts-Dunton thought sufficient, for holding it back. For one thing, he shrank from giving it to the public in the lifetime of certain friends who figured as characters. Now that it has appeared, however, it has lost nothing of its charm and freshness. It is a canon of criticism that, the greater a work of art is, the less it is touched by a merely contemporary and passing interest. The novel might have been written yesterday. Those who know Mr. Watts-Dunton's profound erudition and the seriousness with which he has considered the problems of life and literature, will be taken by surprise. The book is a genuine romance, full of the open air, full of passion, with a skilfully contrived plot which hurries the reader on breathless from page to page. I shall be surprised if it does not prove one of the great popular books of the season. If Mr. Watts-Dunton shrinks from what is called the humiliation of a popular success, I am afraid he has a bad time before him. The sources of interest are manifold. Many will be attracted most of all by the picture of Gipsy life. Along with Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, Mr. Watts-Dunton is the great expert on the life of this rapidly dying but wonderful people. Till his late novel, Mr. Groome has not been tempted to give the romantic side of Gipsy life. Here it is all

romance. In the pages of Mr. Watts-Dunton's friend, George Borrow, we have an undying picture of Gipsydom, but the two writers need not be compared with one another. Each has his own field. Mr. Watts-Dunton has devoted himself to the mystical element so deep among the Gipsy people, and, in fact, he may be said to have given us the only adequate delineation of this that exists. It should be noted also that he pictures the life of the Gipsy in Wales. Of this Borrow gives us very little, if anything. Borrow has given us the ever-delightful figure of Isopel Berners, but Mr. Watts-Dunton has rendered the still more impressive and powerful picture of Sinfi Lovell, the real heroine of his book. The nobility with which Sinfi bears the curse of another, and then in the end overcomes her own curse, is enough to stamp her image ineffaceably on every reader of this book. Mr. Watts-Dunton has a reverence for facts, and we may be sure that here the actual language of the Gipsies is rendered to perfection.

Another source of deep interest to many will be the picture given of Dante Rossetti. It is not a complete picture, although in subtle touches Mr. Watts-Dunton brings before us the chief elements of his friend's

personality, his sorrow, his magnetism, his love of animals, the tenderness of his heart, and, above all, the sweetness of his voice. One of the characters says that human beings have such hoarse and disagreeable voices that to hear them talking must greatly trouble the birds, but that the birds could hear Rossetti speaking and think it some new music. The description of Rossetti's face which the heroine gives her lover may be quoted—

"I suppose I must begin with his forehead, then. It was almost of the tone of marble, and contrasted, but not too violently, with the thin crop of dark hair slightly curling round the temples, which were partly bald. The forehead in its form was so perfect that it seemed to shed its own beauty over all the other features; it prevented me from noticing, as I afterwards did, that these other features, the features below the eyes, were not in themselves beautiful. The eyes, which looked at me through spectacles, were of a colour between hazel and blue-grey, but there were lights shining within them which were neither grey, nor hazel, nor blue—wonderful lights. And it was to these indescribable lights, moving and alive in the depths of the pupils, that his face owed its extraordinary attractiveness. Have I sufficiently described him, or am I to go on taking his face to pieces for you?"

"Go on, Winnie—pray go on."

"Well, then, between the eyes, across the top of the nose, where the bridge of the spectacles rested, there was a strongly marked indented line, which had the appearance of having been made by long-continued pressure of the spectacle-frame. Am I still to go on?"

"Yes, yes."

"The beauty of the face, as I said before, was entirely confined to the upper portion. It did not extend lower than the cheek-bones, which were well shaped."

"The mouth, Winnie. Describe that, and then I need not ask you his name, though perhaps you don't know it yourself."

"A dark-brown moustache covered the mouth. I have always thought that a mouth is unattractive if the lips are so close to the teeth that they seem to stick to them; and yet, what a kind woman Mrs. Shales is, and her mouth is of this kind. But, on the other hand, where the space between the teeth and the lips is too great, no mouth can be called beautiful, I think. Now, though the mouth of the gentleman was not ill-cut, the lips were too far from the teeth, I thought; they were too loose, a little baggy, in short. And when he laughed—"

"What about that, Winnie? I specially want to know about his laugh."

"Then I will tell you. When he laughed his teeth were a little too much seen, and this gave the mouth a somewhat satirical expression."

It would be easy to say much about the spiritual teaching of the book, but I am anxious to make it clear that it is not a didactic book in form, that it is not a collection of reminiscences disguised as a novel, but that it is from first to last an absorbing romance with new elements of interest. Mr. Watts-Dunton's great triumph has been that, while his book contains a wealth of spiritual teaching, he never preaches.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.



MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE AND MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOUSE, "THE PINES," PUTNEY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

* "Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. London: Hurst and Blackett.

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HALL CAINE'S "CHRISTIAN" AS A PLAY.

From Photographs by Byron, New York.



Glory meets Storm in the Club-room of St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Soho.



John Storm at bay.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE THREE MUNCHAUSENS.*

This new edition of "The Surprising Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen" could hardly have come at a more appropriate time. The book was written as a satire on a volume of travels published at the end



THE BARON RESCUES HIS HORSE FROM A PREDICAMENT.
From the "Travels of Baron Munchausen."

of last century, but one who reads it for the first time during the present month of grace might be pardoned for attaching to it a less remote significance.

The original Munchausen volume was printed in 1786, the mere *jeu d'esprit* of one Raspe, a person of no particular pretensions. He was, in fact, a store-keeper at a Cornish mine, and his inventive faculty, though rich in its way, was so thin that it gave out speedily when a delighted public demanded more of the "Travels," which, in the end, taper off into sheer twaddle. Nobody ever reads "Munchausen" through. The half-dozen original chapters contain all that we know and all that we want to know. It is in them that the Baron ties his steed to the weather-cock, that the remarkable animal is cut in half by a portcullis, so that it cannot drink with any satisfaction, that a fox is flogged out of his skin, and that various creatures of the chase come to curious ends.

Now, there is no reason to think that Mr. Raspe knew anything about it; but a hundred years before he put his amateur pen to paper there existed in the flesh a Baron Münchhausen. He was a rogue who flourished at Halberstadt about the time when the seventeenth century became the eighteenth, and in 1703 he murdered his wife and was hanged for it. But the interesting thing about him is that "he boasted extravagantly of his various travels and adventures."

The Book of the Chronicles of Ananias is not yet closed, and just as, a century before the appearance of Mr. Raspe's veracious hero, the world already knew him, so we, a hundred years after, have also an acquaintance with the type. It is true that the facilities for the imaginative traveller grow less as we push on Cape-to-Cairo railways and bid for railway extensions in Cathay. In 1786 Africa was practically a *terra incognita*—Munchausen had some of his most select adventures there—and there was plenty of elbow-room in the two Americas for any voyager's imagination.

Those Southampton Street tales of North-West Australia are not at all unlike Munchausen. Much has been made on both sides of M. de Rougemont's riding on the back of turtles. Baron Munchausen

did not ride on the back of turtles, but his father rode on the back of a sea-horse. He began by slinging a couple of stones "so dexterously at the animal that each stone put out an eye. He now got upon his back and drove him into the sea; for the moment he lost his sight he lost also his ferocity, and became as tame as possible . . . ; he was guided with the greatest facility across the ocean." M. de Rougemont was the humaner horseman—he blinded only one eye at a time.

M. de Rougemont's wombats, which rose in clouds every evening at sunset, might be matched with the Baron's eagles which fed off cabbages.

De Rougemont's experience with whales was strikingly similar to that of the Baron. In both cases the whale broke the boat to pieces with his tail. The Swiss did not, like his prototype, go inside, but, on the other hand, he expressly informs us that his companions "swam in the whale's head," a feat which Munchausen would no doubt have performed if he had not been engaged in swimming—elsewhere.

The adage that great minds think alike explains these coincidences—

The gold-dust and pearls appeared to us of little value, because we could have no expectation of returning to England for a considerable time.—"Travels of Baron Munchausen."

I dared not carry anything oversea that was not vitally necessary, and what good were pearls to me on my fearful journey? Even masses of virgin gold were of very little use to me in the years that followed.—The *Wide World Magazine*.

I now thought it high time to do away with the custom of eating of live flesh, and for that purpose used every persuasive method to wean the majority of the people from it. This, to my astonishment, was not taken in good part.—"Travels of Baron Munchausen."

I gave them to understand that it was against my faith to have anything whatever to do with the horrid orgy they contemplated. The Great Spirit, I went on, had revealed to me that it was wrong to kill anyone in cold blood, and still more loathsome and horrible to eat the flesh of a murdered fellow-creature.—The *Wide World Magazine*.

Both heard encouraging voices from heaven. "You will be rewarded, my son," said the Baron's. "Je suis avec toi. Soyez sans peur," sang De Rougemont's. Both became monarchs of savage tribes by popular acclamation, and both practised a good deal on the credulity of their



HOW THE BARON FLEW AWAY WITH SOME PRISONERS OF WAR.
From the "Travels of Baron Munchausen."

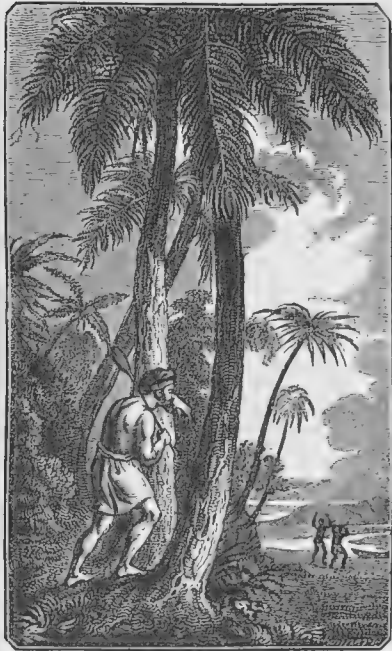
subjects. And, if Mr. Murphy would only give his consent, Dr. Scott Keltie and Dr. Hugh R. Mill would be glad to know whether the vocabulary which M. de Rougemont holds up his sleeve has any affinity with the tongue of Central Africa, which is also the language of the Moon—"Sregnah dna skoothop."

R. B.

* "Travels of Baron Munchausen." London: Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.

SOME WILD WHITE MEN OF THE PAST.

In spite of all modern imitations, Defoe's hero, Robinson Crusoe, still holds the premier place among wild white men, past and present. His creator may or may not have taken Alexander Selkirk, the Largs buccaneer, who spent five years of enforced solitude in the island of



WILLIAMS, THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

Juan Fernandez, as his prototype, but certain we are that if this shipwrecked sailor had left a diary, it might have proved as hard reading as a ship's log or a Blue Book on Education. Seldom is the wild white man gifted with the power to illuminate the period of his eclipse from civilisation. Perhaps Louis de Rougemont may prove an exception. Neither William Buckley nor James Morril, after their lengthened experience among the Australian aborigines, seem to have possessed this power. Indeed, Buckley was a sealed book, a frozen fountain, after his rescue. Not so the sailorman Williams, or Penrose, who was befriended by the father of the Rev. John Eagles, and who left that wonderful "Beggar's Legacy," as described in an early *Blackwood*. For the manuscripts left by Williams to his benefactor, John Murray, gave Eagles two hundred guineas, and the work appeared in four volumes;

the best edition (1825) was abridged, and issued by Taylor and Hessey. In the preface to that edition, we are assured that the interest of the narrative "is not surpassed by any work except 'Robinson Crusoe.'" The writer of the Life of Eagles in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is cautious, and says of this narrative that it is "partly founded on incidents in the life of the author." The narrative is dedicated to Benjamin West, the painter, who knew Williams when in Philadelphia, and had heard many of the things set down in his journal from his own lips. He believed that Williams had adopted the name Penrose from a great shipbuilder of that name. West further says that Williams came to Virginia from London in a ship commanded by Captain Hunter. The interval between the time he first met him and his appearance at Philadelphia, a period of twenty-eight years, was occupied, he believed, as related in the book. It might be possible, with a little pruning, to adapt the narrative admirably for the pages of the *Wide World Magazine*, or for separate publication. Meanwhile, we pass on the hint. Only it does come as a shock to one's feelings when a reputed Spaniard in the story owns up to having been born in "the Shire of Buchan," and that his name is Norman Bell.

"William Buckley, the Wild White Man, and his Port Phillip Black Friends," by James Bonwick, was published in Melbourne in 1856. The frontispiece, which is not at all unlike a picture from a grocer's almanack, depicts Buckley's first meeting with white men after thirty-three years among the natives in the Bush. J. H. Wedge, of Batman's Port Phillip Association, and one of the pioneers of the City of Melbourne, thus described his advent: "His gigantic size, his height being nearly 6 ft. 6 in., enveloped in a kangaroo-skin rug; his long beard and hair of thirty-three years' growth, together with his spears, shields, and clubs, it may readily be supposed, presented a most extraordinary appearance. . . . He could not in the least express himself in English, but after the lapse of ten or twelve days he was enabled to speak with tolerable fluency, though he frequently inadvertently used the language of the natives." Buckley does not seem to have favourably impressed those who met him after his long exile. One styled him "a mindless lump of matter," another found that his extreme reserve prevented his learning anything about his past life, while Captain Stokes thought his intellect, if he ever had any, seemed to have deserted him. Bonwick, who lived for seven years in the same town with him, saw his gigantic figure almost daily as he passed along the middle of the road, with his eyes vacantly fixed upon some object before him, and looking neither to right nor to left to salute anyone. Indeed, he looked like a man from another world, and neither Bonwick nor a newspaper reporter could gratify a reasonable curiosity as to his past life.

William Buckley was born at Marton, near Macclesfield, worked as a bricklayer, but became a soldier in the 4th, or King's Own, Regiment. In 1802, along with six other soldiers, he was involved in an attempt on the life of the Duke of Kent, and was sentenced to transportation for life. He arrived as a prisoner with Colonel Collins's party at Port Phillip in October 1803, and escaped, along with three others, from the settlement at the head of what is now the harbour of Melbourne. One of his fellow prisoners seems to have been shot; what became of the other is not known, although the early settlers did not scruple to hint at cannibalism. Buckley rounded the head of the bay over the Yarra-Yarra, evidently with the idea of reaching Sydney, travelled south, and coasted the western shore of Port Phillip. He sank to the level of the people among whom he was living—dressed, ate, and talked as they did, and never attempted to elevate them in any way. The arrival of Batman's party near Indented Head led to his joining the white man's camp, as already related, on July 12, 1835, after thirty-three years of savage life.

James Morril, the wild white man of North Queensland, a native of Maldon, Essex, was one of the survivors of the *Peruvian*, of Dundee, which was wrecked on one of the shoals of the Barrier Reef, to the south-east of Port Denison, March 8, 1856. Seven of the men reached land, to the north-east of Cape Cleveland, but, although befriended by the natives, in less than a year Morril was the sole survivor. He lived for seventeen years with a tribe ranging between Burdekin River and Black River, covering a distance of thirty miles, their headquarters being Mount Elliot (4075 feet). Like Buckley, during his seventeen years' exile he became as one of the natives, adopted their modes of life, lost his European habits, and forgot the English tongue. But for the women of the tribe his life would have been sacrificed. By one of them he was recognised as a dear departed one come to life again. Like Alexander Selkirk, he would frequently climb the heights overlooking the sea and search the horizon for a sail. He narrowly missed being shot as a sheep-stealer when he made himself known at a sheep-farm, and uttered the readiest sentence he could recall, "What cheer, shipmate?" His wild-looking appearance marked him out as a native, and one man said, "Come out, and bring the guns, Wilson; here's a naked man on the fence that is white or yellow, but is not black." Morril, hearing this, threw up his arms. "I am a shipwrecked sailor. You would not shoot a British subject?" This was in February 1863. He died three years later. Morril was the first man to take up a town-lot in the now thriving place called Townsville. A son of his was driving a team in the neighbourhood in 1889.

The exceedingly interesting narratives of Herman Melville, called "Typee" and "Omoo," issued by John Murray, are well known. No more bewitching description of Polynesian life has ever been written than the account of his four months' enforced residence among the natives in a valley of the Marquesas Islands. Melville had escaped from a whaling-ship, and during his four years in Polynesia picked up the experience and local colour for his remarkable narratives, of which these were the earliest.

There have been many other wild white men, such as John Renton, a shipwrecked sailor, who lived among the Queensland blacks for twenty years. N. P. Pellatier, a little cabin-boy, also lived among the natives of Queensland for seventeen years, but was rescued by a British ship and returned to France. Buckley received a slender pension; Morril had become a successful colonist when he died. Few wild white men are so fortunate as Louis de Rougemont, who must have already received as much for his narrative as Defoe received for the copyright of "Robinson Crusoe," while his name and exploits have been wafted across two hemispheres.



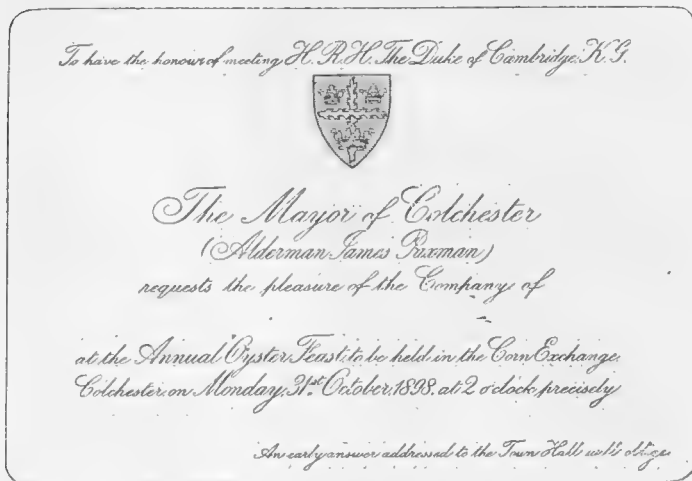
THE RETURN OF WILLIAM BUCKLEY TO CIVILISATION.

Being the Frontispiece to "William Buckley, the Wild White Man," by James Bonwick, 1856.

THE OYSTER FEAST.

"The oyster season has begun"—there can be no doubt about it, for on Monday thousands of oysters were consumed in the town of Colchester, where the annual October feast of oysters and flow of soul is as much an institution as the Mayor himself.

The Mayor and Corporation of Colchester do not stake their reputation so far as to say that their annual Oyster Feast was instituted



by the Romans during their occupation of Britain, but, as every schoolboy knows, though the Romans held the British "native" in low esteem, they valued highly the British oyster. And, with the wonderful discrimination of their race, they knew where to find the choicest. What better proof of this could you have than the fact that among the oyster-shells in the kitchen-middens discovered in the vicinity of old Roman remains in England, and even in Italy, those shells bearing the special characteristics of the Colne oyster always predominate? The oyster, then, forms a connecting-link between diners-out in the first and those in the nineteenth century, for even then, when dishes were indulged in that make us moderns shudder, the oyster, as now, always had an honoured place on the menu.

Surely, then, the man who first discovered the succulent contents within that unpromising exterior deserves a place in the calendar of gastronomists!

Such marvellous quantities of oysters disappear at the Colchester Oyster Feast that the question naturally suggests itself, How many oysters would a hungry man in good health have to eat to feel satisfied? Brillat-Savarin, the great French authority on dining, tells the story that in 1798, exactly one hundred years ago, he invited to a private oyster-feast a friend who had declared that he had never been able to eat *tout son soul* of oysters. "In an hour," said Savarin, "the man had consumed thirty-two dozen, and seemed then only in full swing. 'Mon cher, it is not your fate,' I said, 'to eat your *soul* of oysters to-day. Let us dine.' We did so, and he made as hearty a meal as if he had been fasting."

Probably that accounts for the fashion that once obtained of beginning every dinner with oysters, by way of giving the diners an appetite.

The life-history of the oyster, though erratic at the outset of its career, is, on the whole, uneventful. It takes it about four years to arrive at a marketable age and size. In Colchester the size is determined by a silver specimen-oyster preserved among the Mayoral jewellery. In the past, fishermen, with the usual disregard for posterity, did their best by excessive dredging to destroy every natural oyster-bed along the coasts. By way of minimising that danger, it was made illegal to dredge for oysters during the "close" or spawning season; but, as Professor Huxley has said, such legislation is almost as valueless as if a shepherd and dog were to defend a young flock of sheep from wolves during the lambing season, and then for such protection to be removed all the rest of the year. But this impoverishment of natural oyster-beds has led to a careful system of oyster-culture, by which every effort is made to catch the young spat, to encourage it to grow within a certain area, and in its turn, when mature, to produce more spat. Much has been done to further this object by the Colne Company, consisting of a number of Dredgermen, incorporated in 1870, though it had been in existence since 1807, also by a similar Company in Whitstable, and by other corporate Fishery Boards round our coasts.

But the most interesting experiments in oyster-culture have been made in Holland. The Dutch possessed splendid natural beds among the islands of Zeeland, and in the Zuyder Zee, but excessive dredging had almost exhausted them. In 1870 it was determined to try the effect of oyster-culture. In the neighbourhood of Yerseke, in that part of the island of Beveland where the Ooster Scheldt washes the "Drowned Land," oyster-fisheries were withdrawn from the public, and leased out for fifteen years to oyster-culturists at an inclusive yearly rental of about £1700. So successful was the experiment that in 1885 the fisheries were re-leased at an inclusive yearly rental of about £28,000. More than this, whereas twenty-five years ago there were only poor hamlets in the

neighbourhood of the oyster-fisheries, prosperous villages have now sprung up, and the Dutch "native" fairly disputes the palm for excellence of flavour with the British-born oyster.

The chief difficulty with oyster-culture is, it seems, to capture the spat when it emerges from the mother shell about the month of June. For this purpose all sorts of methods have been devised, the chief being to place tiles or slates or stones along the bottom of the oyster-bed or park. The story is told of a large number of oysters in a French oyster-park having adhered to some iron tramway-lines that somehow had become immersed in the water prior to being used for their legitimate purpose. And in the museum of Frank Buckland, the great "friend of fishes," a flat-iron was to be seen covered with oysters. In his opinion, when the oysters were in a sticking humour they would stick to anything, and if the washerwoman who had used the flat-iron had been at the bottom of the sea, they would have stuck to her.

But a more scientific reason than the uncertain humour of the oyster has been propounded. During the first twenty-four hours or so after the spat has been floated into the water, it may be carried by divers currents out to sea and there lost, or, as has been proved in the Dutch fisheries just mentioned, it may be carried away by the ebb-tide and be brought back to its original position by the next tide. After a day and night spent in this fluctuating manner, the spat begins to think of "settling down" upon the bed prepared for it, there to grow its own shell.

No one has dared to doubt the delicacy and deliciousness of an oyster; but its great claim to popular esteem has been sadly overlooked. The late King of the Netherlands, father of Queen Wilhelmina—possibly thinking of the risk one runs in swallowing the savoury herring—said he hoped the outcome of the great Fisheries Exhibition in London would be to discover an edible fish without bones. His attention was immediately drawn to the oyster. Yet, such is the confusion of language, the very name it is known by means—a bone.

Of course, even the oyster, with all its merits, has not escaped calumny. A few years ago the scare was raised that oysters propagated typhoid, for, it was said, they are sometimes grown, or laid down for fattening purposes, in waters more or less contaminated by sewage. Shortly afterwards, it was demonstrated by two eminent scientists, who, in company with a number of others attending the British Association in Ipswich, deliberately swallowed some suspected oysters, that, on the one hand, oysters can, up to a certain point, render clear sewage-contaminated



ZEELAND WOMEN WHO CATCH OYSTERS.

water, and, on the other hand, that typhoid bacillus will not flourish in clean sea-water, and that it decreases in numbers in its passage along the alimentary canal of the oyster.

Thus in its integrity has the oyster refuted its enemies by emerging unscathed from the impartial and exhaustive investigations of the scientist.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE



MRS. SMITH : And where would you be, I should like to know, if I hadn't got money ?
MR. SMITH : You mean, Where would you be ?
MRS. SMITH : Where should I be ?
MR. SMITH : Yes, you ! You wouldn't be Mrs. Smith.

IS HE AN OBSCENE WRITER?

Is Dr. Havelock Ellis an obscene writer? That is the question which must be decided by a British jury at the Old Bailey during the present Sessions. That is to say, the tinker, the tailor, the candlestick-maker—



DR. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

most worthy citizens, no doubt—will sit in judgment upon a scientific work which has been welcomed and commended by scientists in France, Germany, and America, as well as by the English medical journals. Dr. Havelock Ellis has made it his life-study to trace the effects of heredity and habits upon crime and insanity, and his book, "The Criminal," if properly studied and understood, would revolutionise our present system of endeavouring to repress crime instead of curing it. In addition to his services in seeking to point out the causes which tend to overcrowd the lunatic asylums and, to a large extent, the prisons, Dr. Havelock Ellis has attained an important position in English literature, and has at various times collaborated with Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Ernest Rhys, and others. He is also

the Editor of the well-known "Contemporary Science Series," and is a regular contributor to medico-legal journals in the Old and New Worlds. He has been made an honorary member of the Chicago Academy of Medicine, and was elected Vice-President of the International Medico-Legal Congress of 1895.

Rather more than a year ago, Dr. Ellis published the first volume of his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex," in which work he had the able assistance of Mr. John Addington Symonds. This book was the natural continuation and extension of his previous works, and was openly advertised and as openly sold by the leading booksellers at a price which placed it out of the reach of the ordinary seeker after prurient literature. In May last, however, the Scotland Yard authorities determined to stop the sale of the book, and, armed with the necessary warrants, pounced upon an obscure bookseller named George Bedborough, instead of indicting the principal offenders (?)—the author, the publishers, and the printers, as is usually done in such cases. When the charge came before Sir John Bridge at Bow Street Police Court, Dr. Havelock Ellis was present, and through his solicitor stated that he was quite prepared to accept all the responsibilities of authorship of the incriminated book, but that offer was not accepted. For months, therefore, a charge, the like of which would be altogether impossible in any other civilised country, has been hanging over the head of Mr. Bedborough, who has, however, been supported by an influential Free Press Defence Committee, which numbers among its members the following ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Herbert Burrows, Mrs. Mona Caird, Mr. Edward Carpenter, Mr. Walter Crane, Dr. Helen Densmore, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, Mr. Frank Harris, Miss Amy C. Morant, Mr. George Moore, Mr. William Platt, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. Henry S. Salt, Mr. William Sharp, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. M. Thompson,

and Dr. T. M. Watt. This committee has provided legal assistance, and has arranged for Mr. Horace Avory to undertake the defence. Application was made for a writ of certiorari, in order that the case might be removed to the Court of Queen's Bench, where it would have been tried before a special jury; but this application was not successful, and the question, which is one bristling with difficult technicalities, will be fought out before a Common Jury, which is perhaps one of the most incompetent tribunals for such issues. The opinion of Mr. Robert Buchanan with reference to the prosecution is worth quoting. He says that "to insult a man of science and to punish the unfortunate publisher for carrying out what is, in point of fact, a noble bit of work, done in the interests of suffering humanity, is more worthy of savages than of sane men living in the nineteenth century."

ENGLISH SHEEP-FARMERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The sons of "the" profession appear to adopt either the calling of their parents or go far afield. Mr. Dorrington Kendal Grimston returned from Australia to join the Mounted Police Force in South Africa.



WILSON BARRETT'S SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

Photo by Pearson, Southbridge, New Zealand.

Alfred, the son of Mr. Wilson Barrett, married in Paris, and then, after a short stay, left for New Zealand, where he has since acquired a small sheep-farm. He profited by the misfortunes of other "new chums" in the colony by taking a small parcel of land at the outset, which he increased as his experience warranted. He has now quite a valuable property, and is as great an authority on the necessities of farm life as his father is on the exigencies of acting.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has for many years owned a sheep-run in the South Island of New Zealand. Waireka, the Maori appellation of the farm, is smaller than the average self-sustaining sheep-walk in New Zealand, but Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has omitted nothing which could assist its development. The farm is a little in excess of five thousand acres. Waireka is situated in the Malvern district of the Canterbury Province, and is in close proximity to the Malvern Hills and the Hawkins River. It carries a small mob of cross-bred sheep, whose general excellence has won for the Waireka stud a high reputation among New Zealand pastoralists. The country is flat, uninteresting, and intersected with high wire-fences; but it contains both hare and wild-pig shooting, with trout-fishing in the Hawkins.

Waireka is occupied by a Mr. Cresswell, who is well known as starter at many meetings in the South Island. The homestead is comfortable, but has never been visited by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. His brother, Mr. Henry Chamberlain, made a tour of inspection recently, and was surprised to find that sheep were quite as domesticated in Maoriland as they are in the Old Country.



WHERE WILSON BARRETT'S SON LIVES.

Photo by Pearson, Southbridge, New Zealand.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

MRS. EVERSFIELD'S EDUCATION.

BY GILBERT BURGESS.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Eversfield, clad in a very becoming *peignoir* of lace and satin, sat in her morning-room warming her little feet before the fire. There was an indefinable air of luxury about the room: the richness of the toilet-set, the beauty of the old brocade hangings, the daintiness of every one of the details of the furniture. There was a faint perfume of *Peau d'Espagne*, and the Russian cigarette that she was smoking gave forth a fragrance that was not that of mere tobacco.

Her maid moved noiselessly about the room, and Léon, accounted in certain smart circles in London to be the only possible hairdresser, was putting the finishing touches to her coiffure. With deft fingers he manipulated the irons that caused the hair to glisten like undulating sea-waves; from time to time he patted her head almost caressingly, with a touch that was completely feminine.

"What is the time, Louise?" asked Mrs. Eversfield of her maid.

"Eleven o'clock, Madame, and the manœuvre is coming at a quarter past."

"I am near to finish, Madame," interposed Léon. "But Miladi Preston keep me so long this morning. Miladi was not in good humour. She came late from the ball, and her hair was *poudré*; and when I wash it she says I hurt her, and she swears, Madame—oh, she swears terribly, I assure you!"

Mrs. Eversfield was silent. She was not on the same plane of society as Lady Preston, but it pleased her to think that her ladyship and herself had two things in common—an appreciation of the capabilities of the English language, and the most exacting and expensive hairdresser in London. She glanced with a half-amused, half-contemptuous smile at a note she held in her hand.

"Do you wait on Lady Alice Chalmer?" she asked.

"Twice a week only, Madame," replied Léon.

Mrs. Eversfield looked again at the note.

"Have you ever seen her husband?"

"No, Madame. I hear Lady Alice marry Mr. Chalmer because he was a millionaire—and not in francs, Madame. But Mr. Chalmer is very young, very good-looking."

Léon shrugged his shoulders slightly. Then he added—

"I am finished, Madame. Good-morning."

He replaced his utensils in a little box, and, before he left the room, bowed condescendingly to the maid. A few minutes later there was an uncertain tread upon the stairs, and a young man in dishevelled evening-dress lurched into the room.

"Is that you, Harry?" said Mrs. Eversfield languidly, without glancing round.

"Yes, worse luck; and, I say, Louise,"—he turned to the maid—"for heaven's sake get me a brandy-and-soda—half-and-half. Oh, Lord, what a head I've got! I dropped seventy-five last night at roulette at that beast Von Schlesinger's."

"You always were a fool," commented Mrs. Eversfield.

"I gave young Simpson an 'I.O.U.' for a 'pony.' Got any money?"

"That's about the only question you ever ask me," said Mrs. Eversfield.

The man turned round quickly and laid a trembling yet nervously strong hand upon her shoulder.

"Is it for you to say that to me? If ever you once forget that I was born a gentleman and that you have made me a cad, I shall—"

"We have these *tableaux vivants* so frequently, Harry, dear," said Mrs. Eversfield.

Then she continued, "Now don't be a fool, dear boy; go and have a bath and change your clothes, and then you can take me to lunch somewhere. The carriage is coming at half-past one."

Louise came into the room with the inevitable tumbler on a tray. The man drank the contents, and disappeared.

"Lord Henry is ill, Madame, I think?" queried Louise.

"Oh, bother him!" replied her mistress. "Louise, I'll wear my mauve shirt with the lace blouse over it, and my brown skirt, and my blue Virot hat—no, not blue with mauve. What shall I wear? Why do you stand there like an owl?"

"If Madame wishes—"

Mrs. Eversfield stood up and looked at herself in a full-length mirror.

"No," she said with decision; "I will wear my purple toque with the ostrich feathers."

The maid retired, knowing from the long experience of two months that, when Mrs. Eversfield was dressed, she would have the day to herself. Of course, she would go through a worse ordeal before dinner-time, and possibly another if Mrs. Eversfield returned to change her clothes for supper. But Louise was a French maid who had wilfully left Paris to come to London, and French maids who expatriate themselves are astoundingly philosophical.

The manœuvre arrived, and Mrs. Eversfield sat silently thinking while the operator was at work.

Tall, slim, fair-haired—at least, at that time she was fair-haired—and astonishingly young, Mrs. Eversfield had invaded London, nobody

knew whence, and for four years had lived in comparative obscurity. In the beginning there was a trace of brogue in her diction which was not accounted the least of her charms. But two seasons of success had changed all that: she now spoke with the curious inflexions and final "g" ellipses of the *soi-disant* smart set. She had a trim victoria and a pair of high-stepping horses; also she had a box at the Opera, which young men visited if the family box happened to be on the same side of the house as hers. Her pearls were wonderful—"much too fine to be genuine," said ladies of the real world as they inspected her, half-curiously, half-enviously, through their opera-glasses. But, as she sat in her dressing-room on this particular morning, which was a tedious replica of all her mornings, a faint perpendicular line was indented in the centre of her forehead. She had just realised that she was over six thousand pounds in debt, two thousand pounds of which she must absolutely obtain before the end of the week. Her jeweller was the first to press her, and in his trail, like hounds upon the same scent, came lawyers, money-lenders, and even tradesmen with whom she had only trivial accounts.

Chance, which hitherto had never failed her, had come as usual to her rescue. At one of the skating-clubs she had been introduced to George Chalmer, whom the daughter of a pauper earl had married for his money. After marriage Chalmer and his wife had practically lived apart. Mrs. Eversfield was amused by Chalmer's quiet manners, and slow, serious method of speaking. They had met again. That very afternoon he was coming to tea; he knew nothing about her, seeing that he was a child in matters mundane.

"I must get that two thousand to-day," meditated Mrs. Eversfield. "I suppose it'll have to be tears," and she mentally muttered an oath that would not have come seemingly from her thin, clear-cut lips.

And as she rustled downstairs to her carriage she said to her maid—

"Mr. Chalmer is coming at five o'clock; remember, and for God's sake don't forget it, that I am out to everybody else."

Five o'clock came, and Mrs. Eversfield, with a parchment-bound volume of poems, was seated in a large chair in her Louis XVI. salon. She was dressed with the utmost simplicity—in white, of course; she had ever found white the most effective armour when danger threatened. A turquoise at her throat, and a single cabochon turquoise to guard the plain gold band on the third finger of her left hand—these were the only jewels she wore. Her face was entirely innocent of any adventitious aid in the matter of cosmetics. She was altogether charming. A ring at the bell. Mrs. Eversfield rose slightly and looked at herself in a glass. Then she reseated herself and skilfully arranged the folds of her tea-gown.

"Mr. Chalmer, Madame," said the maid.

Mrs. Eversfield turned swiftly and ejaculated, "Oh, my dear Mr. Chalmer, I never dreamt that you would come! Walker, bring the tea at once."

"But I said I would," said her visitor gravely. "What a pretty room!" he continued. "And what a lot of books!"

"Are you fond of books?" she interjected.

"I think they are about all I care for in life. No, I mustn't say that. I mean—do you read much?"

"All day long," said Mrs. Eversfield.

Chalmer went to a bookshelf and took out one or two volumes. They were all uncut. He replaced them, and looked at others. It was obvious that they had never been touched since they came from the bookseller's. Mrs. Eversfield, keen to observe, laughed heartily. Chalmer turned round in surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Chalmer, you mustn't be too hard on me. I have no brains, no knowledge—nothing. You must educate me."

"Do you mean that?" he said.

"Why, of course," she said, artistically open-eyed. "I always mean what I say. Here comes tea. Now, come and talk to me—I want to know all about you and your life."

They chatted on indifferent subjects, but Mrs. Eversfield repeatedly tried, with no little skill, to lead him on to the subject of his wife. Insensibly he drifted, and, without the least intuition of being disloyal, he laid bare the barrenness of his life to this woman who fascinated him.

"You poor boy!" she said caressingly to him, and she laid a hand ever so gently upon one of his, and equally gently drew it away. It seemed to her that the psychological moment had arrived; wherefore she burst incontinently into a violent fit of weeping. At any rate, she sobbed, and held her handkerchief to her face. For she remembered that she was dining at the Savoy that night.

"My poor little woman!" said Chalmer, almost frightened; "what in the world is the matter with you?"

He put an arm round her shoulders, and tried to quiet her.

"It's time for Adelphi business now," thought she.

She rose suddenly—she was an admirable actress, born, not coached—and stood before him in a more than passable attitude of despair.

"Your little troubles!"—she flung the words at him. "Do you know what my life is? Oh, I will tell you some day: to-morrow, if you like. But go away now, I can't bear it. . . . Come at five to-morrow."

She sank back into her chair and cushions, and sobbed.

There is no shame to be attributed to Chalmer. He was honestly sorry for this woman who had come into his life by accident;

he longed to know more about her, to do honestly anything in his power for her.

"Good-bye," he said; "I'll go. I can find my way out—don't ring—and to-morrow at five you must tell me all about it."



THIS HOUSE, FERRY INN, ROSENEATH, WAS DESIGNED BY THE MARCHIONESS OF LORNE, AND IS USED BY HER AS A RESIDENCE.

Photo by Cummings, Alloa.

He closed the door gently behind him, and Mrs. Eversfield heard his carriage, after a momentary interval, drive quickly away.

Lord Henry Glynne, spruce, debonair—strangely in contrast to his appearance in the morning—came into the room.

"Has that ass gone yet?"

"Yes, and if I don't get a couple of thou. out of him to-morrow my name's not——" She paused. "Harry, if his wife were to divorce him—she'd get big alimony, you know—I wonder if he would marry me?"

"I wouldn't let him," said Lord Henry.

She sprang towards him. He laughed.

"I'm going to the club to have a few games at piquet. Don't forget about dinner to-night—eight-thirty sharp."

He slammed the door behind him.

It was only half-past six, and there was an hour to be whiled away in some manner or other. Mrs. Eversfield flung the book of poems to the end of the room, and from behind her chair drew forth half-a-dozen gaudily covered novelettes. But even these failed to interest her. She kicked off a slipper impatiently. "Mr. Chalmer will educate me, will he?" she said, half-aloud.

She stood up and shook her clenched fist towards the window. The remembrance of the sound of his carriage-wheels as he drove away added fuel to her temper.

"Damn him!" she cried. "This was the first lesson, I suppose. I will give him all the others."

She swept out of the room in a fine illogical frenzy, and went straightway to the kitchen to vent her wrath upon her servants.

Six months later Lady Alice Chalmer came before the Great Unmarrier with a petition. She obtained a decree nisi with costs. Her husband is in America. Mrs. Eversfield drives every afternoon in the Park.

From these facts we may safely draw the inference that the progress of Mrs. Eversfield's education was not entirely uneventful.

A HOME OF THE ARGYLLS

If you recall "The Heart of Midlothian," you will remember that the scenes in the closing chapters are laid in the "island" of Roseneath. Scott writes of it as being an "island" toward the western shore of the Firth of Clyde, "near the opening of the lake called the Gareloch, and not far from Loch Long and the Holy Loch. The picturesque beauty of Roseneath had such recommendations that the Earls and Dukes

of Argyll, from an early period, made it their occasional residence." As a matter of fact, Roseneath is not an "island" at all, but, as its name implies—"Ros" meaning a promontory—is a peninsula. It is as near being an island as possible, however, as it is joined to the mainland by a neck of land little more than a mile across, which is the distance between Garelochhead and Loch Long.

The Clachan of Roseneath is a very small place, serving rather as a centre of communication to the residences scattered round about than as a seat of trade, or of any considerable population. The first thing that strikes the visitor on approaching the pier is the Ferry Inn—a building after a very free style of architecture, designed by the Princess Louise. Only a part of it is used as an inn, the main portion being set aside for the sole use of the Princess and her husband, who reside there when visiting this part of the country. The Castle of Roseneath, which lies about a mile from the Clachan, is a subsidiary residence of the Duke of Argyll, and properly the home of the eldest son; but it is at present let to a stranger. In the village itself there still stands the smithy made famous by Alexander Roger in his evergreen song, "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," though the ownership has changed since Roger's day; but still—

The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan.

And the trade of farrier is carried on within the
same four walls where Robin made his money—

For Robin was a wealthy carle,
An' had ae bonnie dochter;
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Tho' mony lads had socht her.

The parish church of Roseneath, in use before the present edifice was built, was the Knoektarlitie Kirk into which Reuben Butler was inducted, as described in "The Heart of Midlothian." It is now a complete ruin, only one wall and gable standing. Before being abandoned finally to the bats and swallows, the congregation, we are told, had to select their seats with a view to avoid the drip from the ceiling. The father of Dugald Stewart, the philosopher and the grandfather of Professor Story, D.D., a burning and shining light in the Established Church, were ministers here. The vault of the Argyll family is built in the churchyard.

All along the Roseneath shore of the Gareloch are to be found modern summer villas. The traffic on the Loch is mostly carried on by a steamer, which makes four or five trips each day up and down. Were Gareloch situated anywhere else than on the Firth of Clyde, it would be much more popular; but, being hemmed in on the one hand by the "Queen of Scottish Lakes," and Loch Long on the other, its modest charms are entirely overshadowed, and it is doubtful if one-fourth of the thousands of "circular tourists" who annually visit the district know even of its existence. The Loch itself is only five miles long, and, although it cannot pretend to the majesty of Loch Lomond or the grandeur of Loch Long, it possesses a beauty all its own. J. C.



THE CHURCHYARD OF ROSENEATH, THE BURYING-PLACE OF THE ARGYLLS,

Photo by Cummings, Alloa.

"BROTHER OFFICERS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



THE BARONESS CONVERTS THE BLUNDER OF JOHN HINDS, THE NON-COM., INTO A TRIUMPH.



JOHN HINDS GUESSES THE IDENTITY OF THE WICKED MILLIONAIRE FROM HIS LOSS OF TWO FINGERS.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Elsewhere I deal at length by paragraph and picture with the play founded on Mr. Hall Caine's story, "The Christian." Mr. Edward Morgan, who plays the chief part, that of John Storm, is well known on this side, for he was the Colonel Thorpe in "The Heart of Maryland" and the Ira Beasley of "Sue." Though Mr. Morgan came to us as an American artist, we can claim him as our own, for he is a native of Croydon, and was entirely educated at Dulwich College. When only fourteen years of age, the spirit of adventure and love of roaming took him to Halifax, and, after wandering about British Columbia for some time, he started for home, but getting "broke" in Victoria, he took any odd work he could get, and finally found himself an errand-boy in a provision store in San Francisco, after which he went up to Greeley, in Colorado, and became a cowboy. Then he went back to Chicago to a "dry-goods" store, and had some hard times, and one winter he and three other fellows shared one overcoat; but, inconvenient as that was, Mr. Morgan says he was very happy, for he felt things could not be much worse, and he had the pleasure of spending two or three nights a week as super at the theatre. Then, in 1889, he went on to New York, where he again became "broke," looking for work, or rather, a theatrical engagement, when at last he was engaged for the American production of "Roger la Honte" with Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward, after which he had some smaller engagements, and then a season with Joseph Haworth, during which he got his first chance in a big part in "St. Marc," and then in Shaksperian plays, and, later, was secured for "The Heart of Maryland" Company, then "Two Little Vagabonds," and then the Lyceum stock company, for Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Two Gentlemen of Europe." Since then he has had many parts, but the most important have been a juvenile rôle in Louis N. Parker's "Mayflower," Duke Michael in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Edward Oriel in "The Princess and the Butterfly," and in "The Tree of Knowledge," in which he opened in Mr. Alexander's part of Nihil Stanyon and then played Mr. Fred Terry's part of Bryan.

The personnel of "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury is not, I fancy, what it was, for some of the ladies of the chorus seem "quite English, you know." But Mr. Harry Davenport still remains as the audacious leader of the Anti-Cigarette League. By the way, Mr. Hearst, the owner of the New York *Journal*, has just started a campaign against the cigarette. Personally, I prefer Dan Daly to Mr. Davenport, but the latter is certainly very clever. He is the son of the late Fanny Davenport, who died the other day.

Two daughters of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones were, I think, playing important parts in the West Country a couple of weeks ago with one of the companies touring with "The Liars," and now one of them, Miss Winifred Arthur Jones, I note, has been playing Lady Jessica Nepean at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, in the absence of Miss Muriel Johnston. This is the company headed so superbly by Mr. Henry Neville in Mr. Charles Wyndham's part of Sir Christopher Deering.

Two obituary notices of more than usually melancholy interest come from America. One refers to the untimely death of Caroline Miskel Hoyt, the beautiful young wife of Mr. Charles H. Hoyt, whose "Stranger in New York" is as popular in America as his "Trip to Chinatown" has been for years in this country. Mrs. Hoyt, who was successful in several of her husband's plays, was, as I noted some time ago, prize-winner in a beauty competition for Transatlantic actresses. The second death is that of Mr. Edward J. Henley, brother of Mr. W. E. Henley. Mr. E. J. Henley, who had married that charming actress Miss Grace Pedley, won notoriety over here some time ago by a daring burlesque of Sir Henry Irving. For some years he had held a good position as a character-actor in America, although latterly he has been rendered *hors de combat* by the throat trouble to which, I believe, he succumbed.

The Napoleonic legend—after providing French dramatists and actors with effective plots and characters, and giving *nous autres Anglais* the opportunity of seeing the Bonapartes of Mr. Murray Carson and Sir Henry Irving (with Mr. Fuller Mellish at the present moment in Sir Henry's shoes)—has provided a well-known American librettist, Mr. Harry B. Smith, with the theme for a comic opera. This he calls "The Little Corporal," and the title-rôle is now being assumed successfully by a popular Transatlantic

comedian, Mr. Francis Wilson, who, in the character of a valet, masquerades as the great Napoleon. In the cast, also, is that fine Irish baritone, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, of "Shamus O'Brien" renown.

Week after week I have to record new theatrical enterprises in the outskirts, fully matured or still-born. Now, for instance, it is stated that Mr. Walter Melville, of the Standard, son of the late Andrew Melville, is projecting a new theatre in Holloway, to be run in conjunction with the Bishopsgate and Shoreditch house; a scheme for building a theatre in Hackney seems to be temporarily in abeyance; and a syndicate is being formed for the erection of a playhouse on the heights of Hampstead. As Notting Hill Gate, Paddington, Balham, and Rotherhithe will probably all have their dramatic cravings catered for before long, I personally shall not regret the incursion of the new Holborn-Strand thoroughfare upon some of the less successful of the theatres in the Strand district.



MR. EDWARD MORGAN,
Who is playing John Storm in "The Christian."
Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.



As the Leader of the Anti-Cigarette League.



In Full-dress Uniform.



"Why does a chicken cross the road?"

MR. HARRY DAVENPORT AS MR. BRONSON IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

From Photographs by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS" IS DEAD.

"THE SKETCH" RECORDS THE DEATH OF H.R.H. AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE ON OCTOBER 28.



Princess Petula, daughter of Fou-Fou, King of Inania, was discontented, and became a strolling player.



There once was a Puppet Showman, with a puppet company, who always drew the public, though they drew no salary.



A butterfly lived in a bower as bright and as gay as a flower; then, at the end of an hour, suddenly cometh a shower. The sun will come out and his power save the poor butterfly.



The Princess came, of course, to her own again as the curtain fell on "Her Royal Highness," who breathed her last on Friday night.

MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS THE PRINCESS PETULA.

OUR RELATIONS WITH FRANCE.

While the noisy people on both sides of the Channel have been talking about war, I have received two publications which emphasise the close bonds between this country and France. The more interesting is the "Transactions" of the Franco-Scottish Society (Scottish Branch). It is curious to note among the members people bearing names that are writ large in French history. Take the joint-editors alone—J. Kirkpatrick and A. A. Gordon. The Empress Eugénie is a Kirkpatrick, while many a Gordon served with the Scottish Men-of-Arms in Paris, and one branch of the family was created Counts. The Society, so far, has gone mainly for the exchange of courtesies, a good deal of entertaining, and some football—in which the French are gradually gaining experience. But better work lies in front of it. For instance, it might enlarge our knowledge of the ancient relations between Scotland and France which subsisted from early times and are still represented by the Scots College in Paris. Much has been done in this

THE GRAPE HARVEST IN FRANCE.

Wars and rumours of wars are but the faintest of echoes in the Médoc, the famous wine-growing district of France. The people are too busy and hard at work—at all events, while gathering in the grape harvest—to have ear for sensational gossip or eye for inflammatory newspaper articles. Nor would war between England and France much disturb the calm that reigns in the vineyards, unless hostilities were prolonged. War would stop the supply of Médoc wines, and compel England, the principal consumer, to fall back on her national beer, did you say? It is very doubtful whether war would produce any effect on the supply of light clarets, for the stocks of these wines held in England are so large that they would outlast at least six months of hostilities, and it is very unlikely, if England and France did come to blows, that fighting would continue so long. So far as one can gather from the statistics published in profusion by an obliging Government, the consumption of claret has no influence whatever upon the



CUTTING THE GRAPES.



GRAPE-CUTTERS.



SOME OF THE HARVESTERS.



A CART LADEN WITH GRAPES.

WHAT WE OWE TO FRANCE: HARVESTING THE GRAPE IN A MÉDOC VINEYARD.

romantic field of historical research, notably by Michelet, whose admirable but expensive work on the French influence on Scottish dialects is one of the most entertaining philological essays I know. It is not generally known how much Burns was indebted for his metres to those exotic ballades and rondeaus that all our minor muses have been imitating for years.

As to the political connection between the two countries (widely different as they are in many ways), let me refer you to a very interesting article in the current issue of the *English Historical Review*, in which Mr. J. G. Alger deals with the English subjects in Paris who supported the Revolution. Among these is a Jacques Auguste Rose, who, I think, must have belonged to the same Nairnshire family as Lady Burgoyne (née Miss Rose of Holme), but for whom the Empress Eugénie might not have been able to escape across the Channel on that memorable September day in 1870. Another publication of peculiar interest at present is the Annual Report of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, which surveys the last quarter of a century. The gain has been mainly to France, for, while English imports into France have decreased, French exports to England are increasing.

consumption of beer. A decrease in the quantity of beer made in any given year is not accompanied or followed by an increase in imports of wine, and more beer does not mean less wine. The consumption of beer rises yearly, not regularly, it is true, but, on the whole, steadily. In 1883 we drank beer at the rate of 27½ gallons per head of population, and last year we drank beer at the rate of 31½ gallons, or a little less, per head. The consumption of wine has fluctuated little during the last fifteen years. We drink on the average only about two-fifths of a gallon of wine per head of population yearly.

The Brighton Limited, leaving Victoria every Sunday at eleven o'clock, is running the distance easily in the hour with a full load of passengers. Sunday, Oct. 23, was a record booking, being £10 above the previous record on March 20, 1892, and late arrivals were not able to find seats in the train. Tickets can be obtained beforehand at Victoria, and the company have now arranged, for the convenience of City men, that tickets shall be issued during the week at 6, Arthur Street East.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Nov. 2, 5.30; Thursday, 5.28; Friday, 5.27; Saturday, 5.25; Sunday, 5.24; Monday, 5.22; Tuesday, 5.20.

Here are two enthusiastic cyclists in New Zealand. Mr. Edmond T. Sayers, who sits in front, is the secretary of the New Zealand Touring Club. Behind him sits Mr. J. G. Kinsey, Chief Consul of Canterbury.



TWO PROMINENT NEW ZEALAND CYCLISTS.
Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

A very learned provincial magistrate lately declared that a Chinese paper lantern carried at night on a bicycle does not fulfil the requirements of the Act which ordains that every wheelman and wheelwoman must carry a lighted lamp between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise; consequently, the fashion of carrying these lanterns of foreign origin is likely soon to come to an end. The popularity of the Japanese umbrella, however, is increasing among cyclists, and, according to a well-known West-End purveyor of fancy goods, there will, early next year, be "quite a rush made by cyclists for the paper umbrella made in Japan." The dealer in question further informed me that he himself expected to receive direct from Kyoto, during January, several thousands of these picturesque ginghams, which he meant to sell to cyclists at half-a-guinea each. I did not tell the dealer in question that only a few years ago I myself purchased in Tokyo for the sum of a yen apiece—that is, about one shilling and tenpence—several umbrellas exactly similar to the one that he was then showing me. Had I done so, he might not have repeated so frequently the mild professional fib, "Every one of these umbrellas costs in the Japanese bazaars between six and seven shillings, and cannot be procured for less when bought wholesale." The idea is that the umbrella, besides being picturesque to look at, will be of use in three different ways, namely, as an umbrella, as a parasol, and, lastly, as a sail when the wind is behind the rider. There is at present a strong tendency in artistic circles, as well as in Society, towards the adoption of all things Oriental, and this tendency will, as likely as not, culminate in the general adoption of the paper gingham.

The bright monthly magazine called *Fashion* lately contained a description and illustrations of a new sort of garment which, I venture to predict, will very soon become the orthodox male cycling-costume for town wear. The garment is called "trouser-breeches," and, while possessing all the advantages of knickerbockers, it causes none of the discomforts so often experienced when stockings are worn. Moreover, there is nothing peculiar about the appearance of these "trouser-breeches," which, at first sight, resemble an ordinary pair of trousers made somewhat narrower than usual from the knee downward. Ever since cycling became fashionable, tailors have been endeavouring to devise a suitable form of leg-gear for London wear, and now, at the ninth hour, a single tailor, or firm of tailors, appears to have hit upon the right idea.

A scientist, presumably a Christian Scientist, is striving to make cyclists believe that the outbreak of the Plague in Vienna is due indirectly to the recent development in that city of the popularity of the

bicycle. He might as well blame the luckless scribes of that unfortunate capital, for his argument is that any sort of strain, physical or mental, causes certain cells in the pores of the skin, invisible to the naked eye, "not only to open, but to remain open for many hours after the strain has been suspended, and thus act as a trap for all impurities floating in the air." After rambling on in this way to the extent of several thousand words, he ends by telling us that, "if the cyclists of Vienna had but made up their minds and thoroughly determined not to perspire; they would have found themselves, at the end of a long ride, fully as cool as when they set out, and thus they would have run no risk of contracting this most terrible of scourges." Yes, obviously a Christian Scientist.

From the *Cape Times* I learn that the bicycle question has been agitating the minds of the Young Men's Christian Association of Kronstad. The subject of debate was, "Would the use of bicycles benefit the Orange Free State?" On the one hand, it was maintained that, on account of droughts, cost of forage, &c., the "iron horse" would be a blessing; while, on the other hand, it was pointed out that the use of the bicycle would seriously injure the farming interest. To whom would the farmer sell his forage if every village clerk had his bicycle? One contended that it rendered the rising generation unfit for their calling as burghers, while another debater feared that it sometimes led to immorality, for even ladies rode it! On the question being put to the vote, these estimable young men decided against the bicycle.

But the Christian young men of the Orange Free State are not alone in holding the bicycle in disfavour. It seems that the educational authorities in Germany also look upon it with suspicion, for a certain school council have given it as their opinion that it is inconsistent with the dignity of the school staff that the younger teachers should ride awheel, like the scholars, and that it would be difficult, if that were the case, to maintain discipline. I am not aware that in our English schools the fact of masters playing cricket or football with the boys, much less cycling, interferes with discipline; but possibly the German youth is differently constituted, and more readily takes advantage of any lapse of dignity on the part of his governors, teachers, spiritual pastors or masters.

A German school-inspector, moreover, gives another reason for objecting to the use of the wheel on the part of young teachers, namely, that it prevents them from taking quiet walks in the fields! "On the bicycle," he says, "they are bound to the high-road; they can turn their eyes neither to the right nor to the left, and can observe neither the animal nor the plant." That inspector is evidently not a cyclist, and knows nothing about the pastime, or he would not be guilty of writing such absurd twaddle. As a matter of fact, the cyclist has a great advantage over the pedestrian, in being able to cover much greater distances, and thus become better acquainted with the historical, scientific, or picturesque features of the country.

There must be many thousands of old-fashioned cycles which have been discarded and thrown aside as so much useless ironmongery. This photograph suggests a new use for them. Firmly fixed in front of some ugly bare space, or even in the centre of a flower-bed, they can be converted into "things of beauty and a joy for ever" by training flowering plants over them. This one is covered with nasturtiums, which have the merit of growing quickly, but any creeper—ivy, wild hops, or Virginia-creeper—would look equally well. One rarely sees these high machines in use now. To learn to ride one required considerable nerve and endurance, as a fall from the lofty saddle entailed a very hard knock, generally on the head, and never in the right place. A stone in the road would often give one an involuntary header into a bramble-bush or on to the hard road. Previous to the advent of the safety, these machines seemed to be growing higher and higher, until two or even three steps were required to reach the saddle, and it is certain they would never have become popular in the same way as the safety.

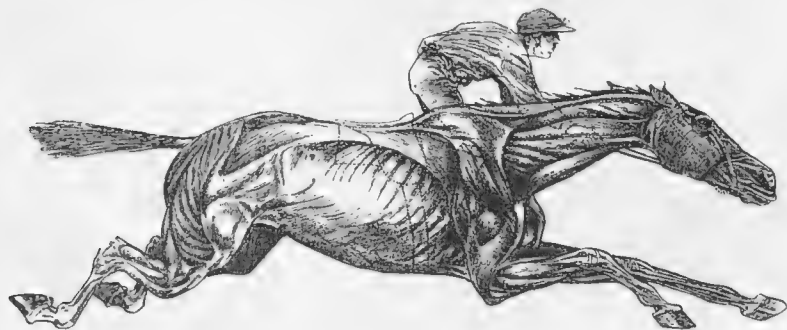


A NEW USE FOR OLD-FASHIONED BICYCLES.
Photo by Newman, Berkhampstead.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Tod Sloan, the American jockey, met with a bit of cruel luck in the race for the Cambridgeshire, as he was practically left at the post on Nunsuch, who belongs to the Prince of Wales. But Sloan has had his full share of success in this country, and his style of riding is very likely to be copied by many of our jockeys. Sloan's seat on a horse is mathematically correct. Even our conservative jockeys and trainers are



HOW TOD SLOAN RIDES TO VICTORY, PERCHED ON HIS HORSE'S WITHERS.
Reproduced from the New York "Journal."

now willing to admit that too much weight placed directly on a horse's back tires the animal very quickly, whereas the same burden, if placed directly over the withers, does not have half the effect. An ordinary knowledge of the anatomy of the horse will prove to anyone that Sloan gains an immense advantage by placing all his weight well on to the shoulder-bone, which gives the arm-bone and the forearm of the animal the work of directly carrying him. The back of the horse is thus ignored altogether, and it is practically the three bones mentioned that carry the weight, thus modifying it to a very great extent. Further, Sloan, by adopting the scorcher's stoop, removes everything possible in the way of resistance to a strong head-wind, while his knees used as a support lift the weight off his stirrups, and there is therefore no immediate weight on the horse's back. To put the whole question in a nutshell, Sloan relies on the chest-muscle of the horse to carry him, while he discards as far as possible the horse's back, which is wanting in muscle.

It is about time that more attention were paid to the colours worn by riders, especially in steeplechases and hurdle-races. When the light fails, it is impossible to make out blue or red or even chocolate at any great distance, but emerald-green is easily seen a couple of miles away. Tints that look pretty enough in the paddock, at close quarters, are lost when looked at from a distance. I think I have told the story before of the optical delusion that met us at Goodwood when S. Loates rode Quelon in the tricolour jacket of M. R. Lebaudy. All the time the horse was passing the grove of trees on the opposite side of the course the jockey was entirely lost to view, while the grey horse could be seen, seemingly, galloping along riderless. The red and black, with the green of the trees behind and the blazing sun above, did not show at all.

Many times during the last three years I have suggested that Portsmouth Park could be turned into a good racecourse. The track was badly laid at the outset, but it was afterwards put all right. I ran a horse or two at the meeting, and found the going very satisfactory. Mr. H. M. Powell, a well-known M. F. H., Mr. R. Swan, and Mr. Arthur Yates are going to assist in running the track, and I am sure they will meet with success. If a flat-race licence is obtained, a successful day's racing could be carried out on the Saturday of Goodwood week, and I am sure the South Coast sportsmen would flock to the enclosure in their thousands if good sport were provided on each of the Bank Holidays.

It is generally admitted that Velasquez is the best four-year-old in training at the present time, and he will yet win many valuable races for Lord Rosebery if he is kept in training. The best three-year-old is, without a doubt, Cyllene, who belongs to that good sportsman, Mr. C. D. Rose. This horse is very likely to improve before next season, when he should capture some good races. I suppose Caiman must be voted the best two-year-old in training. Lord William Beresford's colt is not engaged in the Derby, but he is in the Two Thousand and St. Leger. Flying Fox and St. Gris are both in the Derby, but it is very likely Birkenhead will be the winter favourite for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. He is well-bred, and is likely to become a useful colt.

Madden's position at the head of the winning-jockey list is now assured, and he can lay claim to having ridden the most sensational Derby-winner of all time. Madden is a strong jockey for his weight. He is a good judge of pace, and strictly obeys the instructions given him. Tom Loates has done remarkably well this year when it is remembered that, so late as last November, he was placed *hors de combat*. Loates has been very successful in the Rothschild colours, but,

strange to add, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has been seen on English courses less this year than for many seasons past. His interests on the Turf are well managed by Mr. J. T. Wood, a very able general, while it would be difficult to find two more successful trainers than Hayhoe and J. Watson, and I predict another good year for the dark-blue and yellow cap in 1899.

Many of our biggest owners insure their horses against accident, especially on the eve of big races, and it is well known that the Clerks of Courses insure their jumping meetings against postponement in the depth of winter. Perhaps some enterprising insurance company may presently be induced to take rain-premiums to insure meetings against probable loss owing to a heavy downpour. Dwellers in the far North are such staunch sportsmen that they do not hesitate to brave the elements when a day's racing comes along; but the meetings round London suffer materially if heavy rain should intervene. Luckily, however, so far as the Racing Clubs are concerned, the members' subscriptions have to be paid all the same.

The telegrams dealing with racing matters are despatched from the course with alacrity, excepting on big race-days, when some very annoying delays have to be met. For instance, on the Cambridgeshire day the first race was started at four minutes past one, but the winner did not come out on the tape-machine before 1.28. Those in authority tell me that these delays are often caused by changes that take place in the betting just before big races have to be run. All the same, I think special arrangements could and should be made to send the winner of a race over the wires directly the result has become known, and surely the despatching of a single horse's name would not delay the betting messages more than a minute or two at the longest.

CAPTAIN COE.

"THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT."

"The Encyclopædia of Sport" has now been completed, and Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen are to be congratulated on the important work which the late Lord Suffolk, Mr. Hedley Peek, and Mr. F. G. Aflalo have carried to a successful issue. The second (and final) volume ranges the world of sport from the Lion to the Zebra. We get articles on military sports, the moors, mountaineering (to the extent of twenty-two pages), polo, public-school games, pisciculture, yachting, taxidermy, tennis, racing (sixty-three pages), rowing, and so on. With such a library (in little) the sportsman has all he need wish to know, while the general reader may spend hours with keen interest over these two handsome volumes, the best thing of its kind that has yet appeared in anything like the same compass.

BOXING.

Lieutenant J. G. Horne, of the Marines, has recently won the Light-Weight Army Boxing Championship. Mr. Horne is only twenty, and is stationed at Forton Barracks, Gosport. He was placed in the semi-finals in the Public Schools Championship when at Bedford School last year.

GOLF.

The Keary Challenge Cup and Scratch Medal for gentlemen, competed for at the Wimbledon Sports Club, have been won by Mr. F. L. Rawson with a score of 74-1, which is the amateur record for the course. Mr. Rawson has been unanimously elected captain of the club for the ensuing year, and the Hon. Eustace Dawnay and General Sir Hugh Gough, G.C.B., V.C., the retiring members of the committee, have been re-elected. The club exists to develop every manly and womanly sport. It is a real Sports Club, not a mere fashionable parade for diners and loungers. There are now more sports organised in Wimbledon Park than in any other similar grounds near London, there being already golf, cricket, tennis, hockey, football, lacrosse, skating and curling, boating, fishing, shooting (inanimate birds). A full-sized polo-ground has just been included, and will be opened in April, and in the Club House grounds, which are now being laid out, there will be six tennis-courts and two croquet-grounds. Archery also will be included in the list.



LIEUTENANT J. G. HORNE.
Photo by Adams, Greenwich.

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CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

THE POSITION.

For the moment the political position, which was very black when we last wrote, and got blacker afterwards, appears to have cleared up in a surprising way. The fear of *immediate* war has disappeared, and the drop from which the whole list of investment stocks has suffered seems to have brought a fair number of little buying orders.

"The French are going to withdraw from Fashoda" was the watchword which went round the City on Wednesday, and a great sigh of relief went up from all sorts and conditions of men who dwell or make a living within a mile of Capel Court. There can be no question that the rank and file of City men are vastly pleased at the improved outlook; but it is curious, perhaps suggestive, that many of the longest-headed bankers and brokers express doubts as to whether, in the long run, a patched-up peace will be for our advantage.

Louis Napoleon missed his chance of striking a death-blow at Prussia in 1866. Are we not committing the same mistake in 1898 by finding a way of escape for the French? Time alone will show, but it seems to not a few of the shrewdest men in the City at least arguable that, in not wiping out the French navy while we have the chance, we may be merely putting off the evil day for a year or two, and at no distant date have to face an European combination insisting on our retirement from Egypt or making some equally preposterous demand.

The market improvement has been helped by the general belief that the present dearthness of money is principally political, and that, if the immediate causes of trouble are removed, many dealers in money who have been buttoning up their pockets during the last fortnight will carry on business again in the usual manner, and no doubt this is to a great extent true. Only external complications can prevent the market becoming easier, and it is safe to assert that, unless politics again become dangerous, the worst of the money squeeze is over. The political horizon shifts so quickly, however, that there is still need for considerable caution, especially when speculating on borrowed money.

INVESTMENT STOCKS.

On Tuesday, Oct. 25, Consols touched 106½—the lowest recorded since 1896, and 7½ points below the highest price they have ever attained. The event was accompanied by a wholesale selling off in other departments of the Stock Exchange, and for an hour or two no reasonable offer was refused, to quote again from the draper's dictionary. Investment stocks could scarcely fail to participate in the general débâcle, and quotations for a while were such that the bold investor who was not afraid to buy when things were cheap (most investors were afraid, though) is already reckoning his profits. There was, of course, a sharp recovery, but, even now, there are plenty of chances for securing cheap Investment stocks, and, although the markets will undoubtedly be more or less tremulous for some time to come, it is remarkable how quickly the "bullish" tendency of the Stock Exchange reasserts itself on any favourable opportunity. Dearer money, and, what is far worse, the fears of dearer money, are looming large on the horizon, and the financial embarrassments of Berlin still provide the "bear" party with a good stalking skeleton. But even if money does become much scarcer—though why it should we really cannot see—the intrinsic value of Investment stocks remains the same, although the financial houses will charge a higher rate of interest on pawned stock, and this is a transitory influence that may come and go at any moment. Those financial houses are, just now, having a very good time of it, and Bank shares would find a prominent place in any list of investments that we might draw up. There is the liability, of course, but the best Banks are in such a position as to render the prospect of a call almost out of the question.

Home Railway Ordinary and Deferred Ordinary stocks are quietly in demand, and, while the yield to a buyer remains about 3½ per cent., are likely to be wanted by those investors to whom the low return on Consols is as distasteful as the speculative nature attaching to Industrials which pay a high rate of dividend. North-Western Ordinary, on the basis of the last dividends, yields about 3½ per cent., and Midland Deferred nearly 4 per cent.; Great Westerns return 1 per cent. less, but the purchaser of North-Eastern Consols gets rather under 3½ per cent. on his money. High-class American Railway Bonds are again on the up-grade, but the limited market that exists for them is a deterrent to some people who would otherwise be tempted by the comparatively high yield obtainable from these investments. On the blackest day of the war-scare a well-known firm of brokers in the Stock Exchange received orders to pick up any ten thousand lots of gilt-edged Home Railway stocks that might be offering cheaply, and, although prices have materially improved since then, we consider that a courageous investor has still an unusually wide field for the exercise of a judicious discretion in choosing a cheap lock-up.

AMERICANS.

Our Yankee cousins are not often sufficiently affected by political affairs in Europe to put down the prices of their own railroad shares, but the Fashoda business was the signal for a general fall in Americans on Black Tuesday. Wall Street seemed to be fearing a tumble-out on the part of European holders of its stocks, and took steps to protect itself by discounting the fall which would have ensued upon any panic in the political world. Fortunately, the steps were unnecessary, for this month at all events, and the American Market, quickly recognising the inherent strength of its own stocks, has been the most free of all the

markets from any symptom of that *sauve qui peut* that devastated prices in some of the other departments of the House.

Advices from New York appear to point to a fairly easy monetary position in that city, but the "bulls" were naturally somewhat nervous when it was found that the general rate of contango here on the Carrying-over Day had risen to 6 per cent. Were business active and stocks rapidly rising, such a charge would excite very little remark, but, in such dull times as the present, it was quite enough to serve as another "bear-point." On Thursday, however, the Bank Rate was left at 4 per cent., and on that day the Yankee Market began to wonder whether it had not taken itself a little too seriously. To buy Americans in a war-scare is a risky thing, but it was argued that, even if the worst came to the worst, America would benefit by the obtaining of some of our commerce if we went to war with France. Talk of a dividend of a dollar-and-a-half on Louisville helped to restore the "bullish" feeling, and some of the "bears" in other markets have been buying Americans as a hedge. The elections have been hardly mentioned this week, but the time is almost here, and already one jobber has been heard wondering what the next war-cry of the "bears" will be after the electoral figures are declared. For the moment, Yankees look the best market of the House, but prices are still pretty high in many cases, and any fresh political scare would probably find a reflection, however slight, in American prices. Canadas are under the passing influence of the money-squeeze in Germany, but may be trusted to come right later on. No fresh news has been received, as we write, concerning the disastrous rate-war.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

"You go and buy Horseshoes for yourself and the family until you are black in the face," was the inhuman advice of a West Australian dealer to his particular chum yesterday. We do not know whether the suggestion was acted upon, but no case of attempted suicide by the instrumentality of Horseshoes has been reported so far. All the same, a large number of Golden Horseshoe shares are being bought by the Stock Exchange for itself, and we hear that every effort is to be made to put the price up to the near neighbourhood of 20. Whether the attempt will succeed may be quite another story, but, with its little capital of £100,000, the company might easily fall into the hands of the clique whose intention we are alluding to. The mine itself—we have it on the authority of a first-class mining engineer who possesses no interest in it whatever—will prove to be a splendid thing if it is run "straight," and before these words are in print it is probable that the month's return will be announced, the present estimates of which are between nine and eleven thousand ounces.

But the Westralian Market suffers from a perpetual lack of stamina, which becomes only too painfully apparent when a time of stress is on hand; consequently, speculators whose salvation lies in carrying-over should avoid Kangaroos, and leave them to those who can afford to pay for what they buy, lest their differences should prove overwhelming, and they should be obliged to add to the forced sales that invariably attend a Westralian slump. The purchaser who can look on calmly, knowing that he has the certificates of his shares and can afford to wait, is the only one likely to make money out of Westralians.

Those of our readers who waited to buy London and Globes at 15s., as we advised when the shares stood at 23s., have not regretted their patience. The price reached 14s. sellers, *cum* dividend, but speedily reacted. It is now quoted ex-dividend, and we should counsel anyone with half-a-crown a share profit to snap it, lest a worse thing befall him. Bottomley's bantlings have been very little affected by the Westralian Market Trust meeting held last Friday, when the irrepressible chairman declared that the shares of the company were cheap. Associated shares are becoming more and more an Adelaide Market, and those Colonials usually "know a thing when they see it." There is very little else to say about a market that the public rarely come near nowadays.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

After the French have taken Dover and stormed the Elephant and Castle, their next move will, of course, be upon the Stock Exchange. There, however, their progress will receive a severe check, because the Committee have been busily strengthening the fortifications of the House this week, and the new girders that are being erected over the main entrance in Throgmorton Street can only have reference to the recent war-fever that has seized upon the House. A strong band of House Volunteers will be posted in the Den of Lyons over the way; but there! what is the use of telling all our pet schemes to our friend the enemy? The air has of late been so full of war-talk, however, that it is as difficult a subject to keep out of as King Charles's head in Mr. Dick's book, and a warmer reception than he liked greeted a man the other day who, dressed as a French *chef*, and speaking a quaint *patois* reminiscent of Whitechapel, sallied down Throgmorton Street with a basketful of doughnuts whose very sight was an aggravation of the dyspepsia then being endured by the "bulls" of Kaffirs. Inside the House, the American Market was singing the "Marseillaise" to poor Mr. B—, whose sympathies are popularly supposed to be on the side of his nation. When Home Rails heard the French song, the sleepers woke up in a fury, and, as a muddled metaphorician observed, fog-signalled the Yankee dealers into a cocked hat.

Wild excitement has ruled the House from the Consol Market to the Westralian, and on the ordinary Contango-day prices fell in showers. Every hour seemed to bring fresh trouble: Fashoda, Dreyfus, heavy Contangoes, Cabinet Councils, Assemblies, and other little luxuries poured their baneful influences into the markets, and at one time it looked as though the House would never smile again. Wall Street caught the infection, and began selling its things, while the situation in Berlin was said to approach that which prevailed in London just before the Baring crisis. Nobody knew anything definite, which made matters all the worse, and, when Consols fell to 106½, Chartereds couldn't stand it any longer, and dropped to 2½, amid wild excitement. Throughout the House, both on that day and the next, a buzz of eager anxiety rose high above the ordinary noise

that is always current in the markets. Every movement in Consols was immediately spread throughout the rest of the House, and every time a popular operator appeared at the Chapel Court bench a crowd quickly formed to see what he was going to do. "Come straight from the Cabinet?" inquired Charley Clarke, as a broker bustled up, evidently intent on dealing in a score or more of Goschens—that is to say, £20,000 stock.

The perfervid Kaffir Market was not to be outdone in interest, so it started a downward move apparently on purpose to go mad with excitement when a buyer appeared in its midst. He bid for Goldfields. The effect was magical. Every man seemed to be the same way for a moment or two, and while the fringe of the crowd was too far off to catch exactly what was happening, it was near enough to guess the purport, and frantically cheered the buyer. Then it was all over. The next day, Fashoda speculation gave way to betting on the Cambridgeshire, and Marchand's name was exchanged for that of Survivor. The Sirdar's homecoming brought new hope to the weary "bull," who was overheard to remark that, if the pale face of the British soldier was the backbone of the Egyptian army, it might also be a leg to stand upon when we fought the French. Of public business there has been very little indeed, and the three small failures announced had no effect upon prices. I hear that one of the men had been absent from the House for a good many years, and had only been back six months, while another was "let in" by one of his clients. Very hard lines.

One of the most singular points in a historic week has been the sudden accession to the number of those who frequent the reading-room of the Stock Exchange. It has been very often a matter of waiting when one wanted to look at a copy of the *Times*, although I believe the House is supplied with more than thirty every day. Gets them for nothing, too, I fancy, although such is not the case with the other papers it has, which come from Everitt's, on the Royal Exchange. By the way, I hear that Willing and Co. have lately bought that tiny place for £1600. To return to our reading-room; a miniature hall it is, furnished with cosy armchairs and comfortable seats. On the large table in the middle are spread out the dailies, a list of which, hanging outside the room, gives the number as fifteen varieties. The House is also supplied with five foreign daily newspapers (the *Journal des Débats* is the Frenchman), thirteen English weeklies and nine foreign, six monthly magazines, and four afternoon papers. No clerk is allowed in the reading-room, and, as it is, the newspapers at the end of a day are frequently worn-out almost literally.

Are you curious to know what the Stock Exchange reads? I do not know the official figures, but I think I am quite correct in stating that the House has, every day, a dozen *Daily Telegraphs*, eight copies each of the *Financial Times* and the *Financial News*, and—shame on such a Conservative body!—ten *Daily News* against only nine *Standards*. I do not know how many *Daily Mails* there are, but considerably more than a dozen "A B C" time-tables come in every month. In the afternoon up come eight copies each of the *Westminster, Pall Mall*, and *St. James's Gazette*, but only three *Globes*, it being considered that the House is already suffering from a superfluity of these in the Westralian Market. From these figures it may be inferred that the stationer's bill is pretty heavy: £80 a-quarter might cover it, but I have no official figures, as I said before. I hear from a thoroughly unreliable source that it was proposed to add a few copies of the *Sketch* each week, but that the suggestion was shelved until the new members this year shall have totalled two hundred, when the expense might then be justified. So far, the number is just under one hundred and eighty.

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

A. AND F. PEARS, LIMITED.

The chairman had an easy task at the meeting of this company. The year's trading had, all things considered, been a very good one, especially when we remember that, with a large American business, despite the war, the net profits were only £2700 less than those of the preceding twelve months. The shareholders get the usual 10 per cent., and, as Mr. Barrett pointed out, the only sufferers by the small reduction are Mr. Pears and himself, who hold between them all the Deferred shares. The financial scribes, who for the last week have been trying to foment a revolution among the holders of these said Deferred shares, must have felt "considerably small" at the sad waste of ink they have indulged in, for the task of inducing Mr. Pears to punch Mr. Barrett's head over the reduction in the Deferred dividend is not a very hopeful enterprise. The fact that there is £150,000 of Deferred capital behind the money of the public, and that the vendors of the business have retained the whole of it for the last six years without the least attempt to sell a single share, is a very strong recommendation of the company's securities.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LIMITED.

The Managing Director of the Rudge-Whitworth Cycle Company has addressed a long and courteous letter to us upon the criticism we recently published of the company's balance-sheet. Mr. Pugh thinks that the stock-in-trade cannot be described as unduly high considering that it is distributed over nineteen branches, and informs us that the £50,000 which is put down for "sundry debtors" has only been arrived at after the most ample allowance for bad debts. The item "Cash and Bills in hand," amounting to £30,560, Mr. Pugh says, contains over £30,000 of cash, while the goodwill represents approximately one year's profits only. We gladly give the same publicity to the managing director's explanation as to our criticism, and are pleased to be able to say that the balance-sheet is, in our opinion, both frank and full—far more so than in the case of the majority of cycle companies. The explanations which Mr. Pugh has been kind enough to give us considerably modify the opinion we had previously formed. Perhaps next year the "South African account" will be given as a separate item, and the cash at Bank and in hand, separated from bills receivable, which are really debts due to the company. Had this been done in the balance-sheet under notice there would have been little room for criticism.

THE BRITISH AMERICA CORPORATION AND THE LE ROI MINE.

When Lord Dufferin made his now famous speech at the London and Globe Meeting, most people in the City shook their heads, and whispered to each other what a pity it was to see so distinguished a man made a cat's paw of. In *The Sketch* we were even bold enough to express an opinion that it would not be long before those of our readers who wanted a speculation would be able to buy Globes at 15s.—a prophecy which even we did not expect to be justified so soon.

Among the information which the distinguished diplomat was

induced to give to the shareholders was the statement that the British America Corporation held the controlling interest in the Le Roi Mine, and was practically in possession of the property by means of its own receiver. If the rest of Lord Dufferin's "bull"-points are on a par with the accuracy of the Le Roi story, we fear very much reliance cannot be placed upon what he said, for it now appears that the British America Corporation own 280,000 shares, and that there is a hostile element controlling 204,000 shares, the receiver has been discharged, and the corporation has been restrained from using the vote of the shares it controls by an injunction from the British Columbian High Court. Instead of things being all agreeably settled, it is evident the position offers facilities for a sea of litigation, and this at a time when it will not be easy for the London and Globe to raise any large sum of money which may be necessary to buy off the opposition. Of course, Lord Dufferin believed what he said, but this only shows on what unreliable information he was induced to make his speech. Mr. Whitaker Wright loves a game of bluff, but this time it has not come off, and some people in the market even go so far as to take a slight shade of odds that Market Trusts will be higher than Globes before the end of the year! Straws show which way the wind blows.

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1898.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch Office*, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZERO.—(1) We have no faith in mining reconstruction, but this company has been one of those extraordinary failures which only mining can produce. With leases spread over the whole of Hannan's field and adjoining properties that are exceedingly rich, it has found nothing. There are still chances in its favour, and we should risk another 3s. a-share. The company cannot oblige you to take up the new shares, but, if you do take them, can compel you to pay the 3s. (2) We think that, short of war, the shares are first-rate, and that the dividend is amply secured. The price is about 4½ ex div.

COLOMBO.—All three insurance companies are, in our opinion, good ones, but the first on your list is by far the best—in fact, the best in the world.

W. J. S.—Your letter has been handed over to the Editor. It has nothing to do with financial matters.

ANXIOUS.—The company is doing a magnificent business, and has just executed an order for India which will give a profit of nearly £20,000. The shares are, we suppose, offered at 18s. 9d. because the seller needs the money, and an official quotation has not yet been obtained. Probably people got larger allotments than they bargained for, and with dear money, war scares, and other things of a like kind, find it very difficult to realise. All we know is that the business is doing well.

H. W. D.—We have sent you the name and address of the brokers you ask for.

NOTTINGHAM.—We should hold the shares you name. We believe the concern is doing well. If you want good Industrial shares to pay 5 per cent., we know nothing better than Mellin's Food Company for Australia 6 per cent. Preference, *Lady's Pictorial* Preference, or Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Ordinary or Preference, all of which have official quotations, and are doing well.

W. W. S.—We have sent you the name and address of the solicitor you should apply to.

JUSTICE.—The question you ask can only be answered by guesswork. We cannot advise you to average. We did not even join the reconstruction ourselves.

SPEC.—The line is to be opened about the beginning of 1899. The speculation does not seem tempting to us. The present traffics are no guide to the future.

X. Y. Z.—As to the mine you mention, write off the shares as a bad debt, and do not trouble your head about it any more. You cannot sell, so what is the use of asking if we advise you to hold.

WESTRALIA AND EAST EXTENSION MINES, LIMITED.

We are asked to publish the following advice from the mine: "30 stamps, running 365 hours, crushed 1752 tons; yield of smelted gold 1138 ounces."

Messrs. John Barker and Co. announce a sale of wines at their stores at Kensington which is worth the attention of wine-drinkers. They offer such well-known brands of Champagne as Piper Heidsieck, Roederer, and G. H. Mumm at very close prices, and have a good selection of clarets, among which may be mentioned a wine called Château Palmes Margaux, a very cheap wine at 27s. the dozen. In ports, too, they are very strong; you can buy Sandeman's, Dow's, Cockburn's, and other leading shippers' wines of the 1896 vintage for laying down, or bottled wines ready for consumption. You can secure an excellent fruity wine of Cockburn's shipping which is really very cheap at 35s. the dozen.